Lincoln. The Lawyer, pp 7, 9, 11, 13-17, 18.
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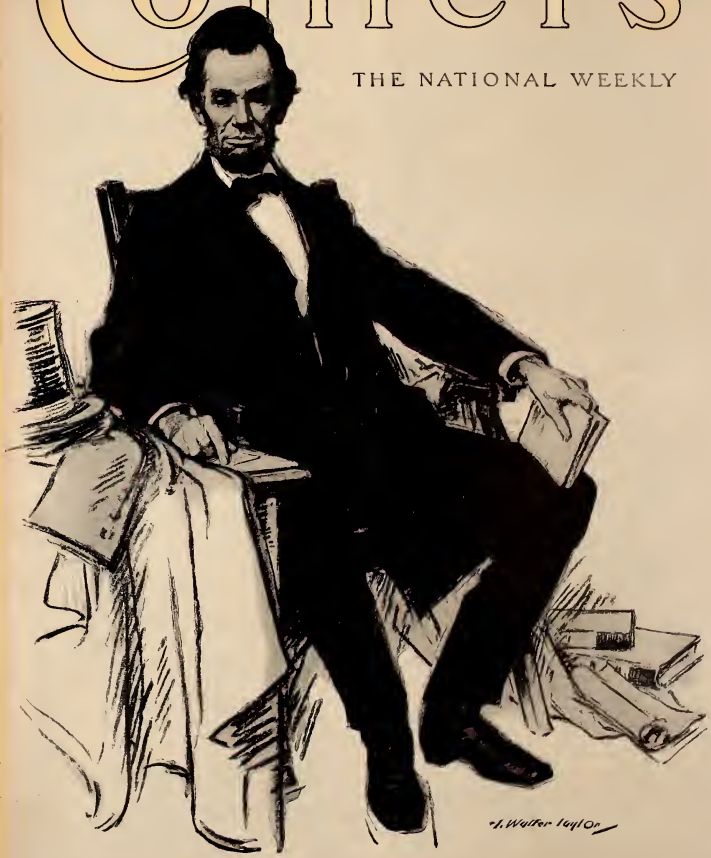
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL XXXVIII NO 20
FEBRUARY 9 1907

LINCOLN, THE LAWYER

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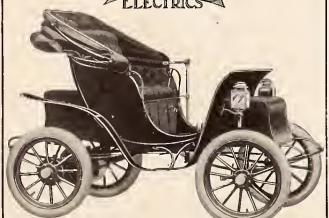

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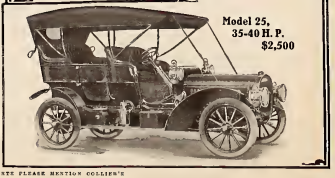

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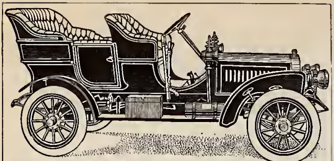

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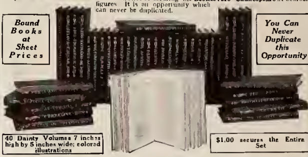

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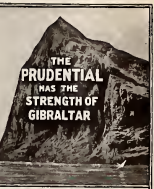

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LINCOLN, THE LAWYER. Cover Design . Drawn by J. Walter Taylor

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS . . . Maxfield Parrish 8
VI.—Sindbad Plots Against the Giant

EDITORIALS 9

LINCOLN'S GRAVE. Poem 11

THE RUINED CITY. Photograph 12

THE LINCOLN FARM ASSOCIATION 13
With a Letter from the President

A BATTLE OF THE GIANTS . . . Frederick Trevor Hill 14
Illustrated by C. B. Falls

LINCOLN IN THE WAR OFFICE . . . Albert B. Chandler 15

THE LINCOLN BIRTHPLACE FARM . Double-Page of Drawings by Jules Guérin 16-17

A LITTLE RIPPLE OF PATRIOTISM. Story . . Rowland Thomas 18
Illustrated in Color by Arthur J. Dove

KINGSTON: A PERSONAL NARRATIVE. Illustrated with Photographs . . 21

THE "MONGOLIAN" PERIL. Photograph 22

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING 23

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Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879

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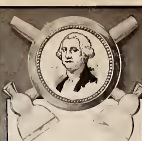

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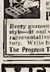

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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1907

¶ A year ago this week the Lincoln Farm Association, which was organized to make a national memorial and historic park of the farm upon which Abraham Lincoln was born, made its first appeal to the American people. Collier's believes that in this anniversary number nothing of wider interest to its readers could be published than a brief review of the first year's work of the Association, and such stories as emphasize the human side of the nation's great hero, whose memory the Association proposes to honor. In our Lincoln Number, a year ago, we pictured by photograph the actual condition of this historic little farm as it looked at the time when this new patriotic association acquired it for national uses. In this issue we try to picture the farm as it may be developed by this Association. The Association to-day has a membership of over twenty thousand patriotic Americans, whose average subscription has been a little over $1.40. The subscriptions and applications for membership have been increasing with each succeeding month, which is both a hopeful and a wholesome sign, until we find the close of the first year of the Association bringing into its treasurer's office an average of about $1,000 a week.

¶ The Lincoln Farm Association, because of this growing interest on the part of the American public in this patriotic movement, has reason to believe that with the country's unprecedented prosperity at this time membership will increase in this Association so rapidly that the close of the second year of the Association will find the treasury of the society possessed of, approximately, one million dollars. This is the hope of the Board of Trustees.

¶ With this money the Association proposes to make this national park express in every way, through its forests, its tilled fields, its monuments, its historic log cabin, and its beautiful historic museum, the frontier life of the yeomanry who paved the way for our larger national life and into which Abraham Lincoln was born.

¶ All this must be completed and in readiness within two years from this week, when the centennial of Lincoln's birth will be celebrated on the grounds. The Lincoln Farm Association proposes to make this centennial celebration one of the most significant and inspiring events in American history. To accomplish this, they must appeal to the patriotic sympathies of every American citizen. That the Association may be purely democratic, and receive the support of all the people, rather than the wealthy few, subscriptions are limited to $25.00 and membership is given to those who subscribe as little as 25 cents. By sending any amount ranging within these sums, as a subscription, to the treasurer of the Lincoln Farm Association a certificate of membership will be issued in the name of the subscriber and promptly forwarded. The certificates of membership, as described on page 13 of this issue, are handsomely engraved from steel plates, bearing a portrait of Lincoln, a picture of the log cabin in which he was born, and the White House as it appeared when he occupied it; it also bears the autographs of the officers and trustees and the seal of the Association.

¶ To become a member, send your name and address, plainly written, with contribution, to Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, Treasurer of The Lincoln Farm Association, 74 Broadway, New York City.

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THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

VI—SINDBAD PLOTS AGAINST THE GIANT. PAINTED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

Having sailed from Bagdad, several merchants, with Sindbad the Sailor among them, were driven by a storm to a strange island. A band of uncouth dwarfs surrounded them, and brought them before a fearful giant. This dark-skinned monster had but a single eye. He picked up one of Sindbad's companions, ran a spit through him, and kindled a fire, over which he roasted him. After supping on his victim the giant fell asleep. Next day the ogre seized another of his captives, and repeated the dreadful repast. While he slept again, however, Sindbad plotted with the rest. Each took a spit, heating its point in the fire; then they plunged the spits into the monster's eye. Roaring with pain, he jumped up to pursue them, but they had completely blinded him. Sindbad escaped on a raft, and eventually reached home in safety

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

LINCOLN IN 1907

LOOKING BACKWARD at men who have greatly lived is ever one of the strengthening privileges of those coming after. Those who have risen to high occasions become the models of the future. And no better model has been set before a country, in all history, than those with which America is blessed. Among the leaders most eminent in the story of our continent LINCOLN more than any other is called upon in reference to the deeds and principles of our day. What LINCOLN by supposition would have done is an allegation that ever carries weight; and this is because he stands to every mind for wisdom, charity, and devotion; for no party, no section, no ambition; for all that meant virtue, measure, and reality; for nothing that meant egotism, noise, cruelty, or haste. "A great man," said the eloquent JEREMY, "is affable in his converse, generous in his temper, and equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride." And another philosopher calls him greatest who is most resolutely right, calmest in storms, and cheriest under the heaviest burden. This, indeed, is another and a nobler view than the one which pays tribute to

"the greatest chief
That ever peopled hell with heroes."

It is a view of greatness which grows stronger with the freeing of mankind. It is a view to which the appreciation of LINCOLN is largely due. His was a spirit of morality. It was humble. He saw this little world by the landmarks of eternity. LINCOLN'S poetry and humanity of vision equaled his clear thrust of mind; they are part of that image which lives in the heart of man.

IN MEMORY

LINCOLN'S FARM will be dedicated to the public in 1909. Those acres on which the child ABRAHAM first saw the day will be turned over to the nation just one hundred years from the time when he was born. The preparation of this tract for its memorial purpose might have been accomplished by a few men, or one, who happened to have wealth. It is far more fitting that it should be accomplished by the men and women and children of all our States, and we invite especially the participation of those from whom a quarter of one dollar is a mighty gift. And let these silver pieces come from Maine and California, from South Carolina and from Louisiana.

"May one who fought in honor for the South
Uncovered stand and sing by LINCOLN'S grave"

He was of the South as much as of the North; of the East as of the West; of to-day as of the period in which his body lived. His childhood home, tended and visited by his people, will be an expression of our affection and a monument forever to the services which he was permitted in sorrow and devotion to perform.

APROPOS OF NOTHING

THE JOURNALIST, poor dear, is usually conceived of by his compeers as MACAULAY conceived of BROUGHAM: "a kind of semi-Solomon, half-knowing everything, from the cedar to the hyssop." In contact with every shade of opinion all the time, a genial skepticism about the absolute is his natural mood. It is characteristically American also, this freedom from certainty, and has been often expressed by the most American of her poets, by EMERSON in one way, by WHITMAN in another. Says WALT:

"Maybe the things I perceive, the animals, plants, men, hills, shining and flowing waters.
The skies of day and night, colors, densities, forms, maybe these are (as doubtless they are) only apparitions, and the real something has yet to be known."

All this may seem remote from the topics of the day, but even in journalism there exists the human soul, which loves to stretch itself occasionally, and strut about, and flap its wings. Hence this irrelevant declaration that writers may be fallible, not only individually, but even in their awful entity. Indeed, anybody who disagrees with us on any point has only to read this paragraph with attention, and peace should be restored to him.

STOLEN GOODS

OF A BILL introduced into the New Jersey Assembly by ARCHIBALD S. ALEXANDER, the title, now complicated, would be more definite and full of meaning thus: "An act to provide for the return of goods stolen from the policy-holders of the Prudential Insurance Company." The original bill was a "sneak," passed in 1880, which took away from the policy-holders of the Prudential their right to vote, and vested in the stockholders that control over the surplus which Mr. DRYDEN and his friends have used to their great enrichment. Mr. ALEXANDER'S bill, should it become a law, would simply restore to the policy-holders their charter right to vote. It would not, unhappily, restore to them the millions which the DRYDENS and the WARDS have taken from the surplus. Let every New Jersey policy-holder in the Prudential keep a vigilant eye on this bill. An amiable Speaker has already started it on the way to somnolence by referring it to the Committee on Banking and Insurance, notorious for its habit of serving DRYDEN and the Prudential alone. But the Prudential policy-holders can get the bill before the House for a hearing if each will write to his Assemblyman. An active fight on this bill would give Uncle John something to occupy his mind in odd moments, when he is not busy earning either his $65,000 salary from the Prudential or his $5,000 salary from the United States.

STEVENS IN COMMAND

SHONTS GOES; STEVENS remains. SHONTS, railroad promoter and manipulator, with his thoughts naturally running on the stock market; STEVENS, engineer, professional enthusiast, his thoughts running on excavation, track-laying, and problems of construction. It is no secret that these two men of wholly different types did not get on well together. The workers in rain and sun looked on SHONTS when he came to the Isthmus as the curious native of out-of-way places views the occasional tourist; STEVENS, with his Grant-like doggedness and his Lincolnian way of telling a story to ease a situation or to make a point, was going and coming among them every day. Other engineers may question whether or not STEVENS is a great engineer, but in the way he turned demoralized battalions into a confident army and brought order out of chaos he showed the qualities of leadership which a crisis or a mighty enterprise requires. With the plant established, the need of more than a purchasing agency at home has passed. What a Cabinet position was to friend MORTON the chairmanship of the Isthmian Canal Commission was to THEODORE SHONTS. Both passed on to the "higher up" of their lexicon. The "higher up" of STEVENS'S lexicon is to finish the job on this line if he has to remain through ten all-the-year-round equatorial summers. Affairs which are professional and expert the public must trust mainly to an expert. On STEVENS'S shoulders the responsibility for success or failure is now squarely placed. The guerdon of success will be enduring fame. There were but two continents to cut; and DE LESSEPS cut the other.

"I REPEAT," screams LAWSON, "I reiterate," "I advise unqualifiedly," "as President of Trinity and as an individual"—I, the man who exposed life insurance, the confounder and confuser of the System, I, LAWSON—"I advise unqualifiedly the purchase of Trinity at any figure below 65." And hundreds of

persons have drawn their accumulation from the savings banks and bought. Lawson is the prince of advertisers. The widely exploited philanthropy of Frenzied Finance is reaping its harvest. Certain laws of nature say that where there is a buyer there must also be a seller. These savings-banks lambs know not who was the man they bought from. Their purchase was made through a broker on an impersonal exchange invented to conceal such details. They do not know, and never think to inquire, who is the skeptic so disbelieful of Lawson's frenzied advice as to sell his Trinity before it reaches 65, before, indeed, it reaches 40. Could the seller be Tom himself? Perish the thought! Yet the fact that Lawson is the president and chief stockholder of Trinity sticks unpleasingly in the most lofty and unsuspecting mind. Also, Trinity is a copper mine that does not produce copper; and its entire staff of employees is a $10,000-a-year superintendent and two $3-a-day watchmen, one by day and one by night, faithful and vigilant in the duty of keeping people out of the mine, the while Tom waves them gradually in, to the stock.

SLEIGHT OF HAND

STOCK-MARKET intricacies are not for minds so guileless as ours; but even our brain lingers over Lawson's further proclamation: "Buy Amalgamated. Buy it quick. It's on its way to 150. Buy it. Buy it quick." How long ago is it since those flaming advertisements read: "Sell your stock now, before it is too late. Bear in mind, when Amalgamated sells at 33, I have warned you"? Which time were you telling the truth, Tom? And whom are you working for now? There would be more humor in this narrative if there were less tragedy. Those advertisements would not be printed if they were not profitable; and they would not be profitable unless there were many of simple faith who believed "Frenzied Finance" utterly and look upon the author as a deliverer. Lawson has generous emotions. Does he ever recall this letter that came to him in the mails one morning?—"This will observe by the postmark . . . my present . . . residence. You probably knew that before, as the press has had much to say about me of late. I trust you . . . are satisfied . . . when you observe the hell you have caused others. . . . When I first wrote you discussing the Amalgamated stock, I was an honest, prosperous man. . . . I had never committed a crime. . . . Relying upon what you said publicly, . . . I committed acts which I now know to my everlasting sorrow I should not have committed. . . . The rest is the old story. My wife and children are disgraced and oppressed with poverty, and I am serving a five years' sentence . . . buoyed up only with the hope that I may live to face you . . . that you may see the wreck you have wrought." It is a desperate game you play, old friend, with human hearts and souls as counters, with credulity and misery as twin necessities in the game. You big gamblers have fun and make money, but, ah, gentlemen, the wretchedness you cause!

HOT AND COLD

A NATION UNEQUALED in diplomacy, by giving us a San Francisco school problem, may have had in mind the solution of problems of its own nearer home. The Chinese elephant is not responding as readily to the little Japanese *mahout* as Westerners suppose. China has the same object in employing Japanese teachers as Japan had in employing European teachers forty years ago: to arm herself mentally and physically for self-defense against outside meddling. Although she lacks Japan's solidarity for applying the knowledge gained, her statesmen are quick observers, as alert in setting two strong neighbors one against the other as Abbas Hamid of distressing memory. To them Tokyo's ambitions are not more philanthropic than Berlin's. When the outside world sees a generous Japan returning the Newchwang customs to the Chinese before the expiration of the eighteen months' provision of the Portsmouth Treaty in April, the Dowager Empress, who was not born yesterday, might drop an eyelid over the fact that Newchwang is a closed port through the winter months. The Japanese swarming across the straits are making Korea the advance ground for migration across the borders, where Japanese traders, peasants, and adventurers, taking the law into their hands, are traveling and settling wherever they please. Hitherto an open port in China has meant simply that a foreigner might reside in one section of the town itself. In the opening of the new ports of Manchuria the Japanese demand the right of free residence and travel, which is a blow at the heart of China's ancient policy.

THINK OF THIS

AMERICAN EXPORTS to Manchuria, a serious factor to our Southern cotton mills, exceed those of any other country. John Hay had them in mind. The Japanese manufacturer aims to regulate our product with his. Years ago the Russian went with a military escort and a brass band and settled down to ease and his samovar, the Japanese wears rubber-soled shoes and sets the roots of a permanent trade interest into the soil. As the spoils of war the victors have taken over whatsoever concessions the Russians had received. Many were granted by local officials without authority of the Peking Government, which refuses to recognize them. While Europe talks of the "yellow peril" and Continental nations continue in practise to glare across their borders, friction seems inevitable between the Chinese and the Japanese, who are far less alike than the French and the Germans. The open-door policy, now carried a step farther, means plenty of room for the Japanese to enter. Surely no American or Canadian emigrants are to compete with them. If our Pacific Coast will not permit the overcrowded Japanese to migrate eastward, shall we play dog in the manger to the westward? When China turns to Russia and France and Germany for support, Japan turns to an America desiring a permanent treaty solution of the San Francisco school question, and to an England desiring relief from an embarrassing position between titular and natural ally. Those who think of Japan's increased military and naval strength as directed against the small vantage point of the Philippines forget her rich, unwieldy neighbor. A headless China, following the death of the Dowager Empress, may mean a China in convulsion. Japan proposes to be ready for any emergency; yes, and for any military opportunity.

A LOOK AHEAD

TO BE A SPARTAN in Congress requires ingenuity. Merely rising to protest against the increase of members' pay has ceased to make a dramatic impression, because the public is beginning to see that the pay of Representatives and Senators is too low to satisfy the men the country needs at Washington. A better method has been devised by a group of Representatives who have solemnly protested against voting the annual appropriation for the support of the Government Indian School at Carlisle. These careful guardians have decided that Carlisle, with its 1,025 enrolled students, its excellent band, and its formidable football team, is a luxury. Carlisle graduates are enervated by their training. The young red brother and sister should be taught to plant beans, hoe corn, repeat the alphabet, and count to a hundred. The rest is vanity. Besides, Carlisle is too far away from the reservations to make the education it offers most effective. How seriously can these arguments be taken? We unfold the advertising bulletin of a Florida university and read that prospective students may enjoy summer recreations throughout the winter, "and one may hear the singing of mocking-birds, and welcome the south wind blowing up warm from the Gulf or ocean laden with salt air or the odors of the pine woods." What is sauce for the goose is not likely to kill the gander. Carlisle is the Indian school least deserving to be closed.

WATCHDOGS

"IF WE COVET to enjoy great riches and delights," said Hermannus Kirchmeirus to His Fellow Academicks at Marpurg, "and desire to be beautified with these so singular ornaments of learning, we must needs undertake forraine journeyes." The advice of the Noble Scholler is no less pertinent in 1907 than it was in 1593. In this season of migration no Northern trunk is checked to a Southern station without bringing to someone breadth of view. To many it is a first break from harness. Self-imposed duty may have kept them at home. A certain pair, on a belated silver-wedding voyage around the world, worried all the way, despite reassuring cables. When they returned it was to find a son improving the business which the father had established and to find a daughter's children thriving without a grandmother.

TRAVEL

Then the two "happy old fools," as they announced themselves after the revelation, started out again; and most likely are going yet. If you have the money for a trip proposed, however long or short, your indispensibility in office or house will probably be cheerfully and altogether disproved.

FEDERAL LAW prohibits lottery gambling in this country, despite the fact that Harvard, Yale, and Princeton once profited by it. Government licenses lotteries in Germany, Austria, Italy, Mexico, Honduras, and other countries. Is it wonderful that in our immigrant population are many purchasers of tickets? Possibly, also, native Americans do their share. The Louisiana Lottery Company, banished to Honduras, still sells in the United States not less than $800,000 of tickets for its monthly drawings. The German and Austrian land lotteries, the Mexican National, and possibly a score of others, more or less authorized and more or less supervised by foreign states, have agents here, and the total annual traffic reaches many millions. The punishment for dealing in lottery tickets is severe. The transmission of tickets or drawing lists through the mail is a crime, but the business goes on, among the causes being the shrewdness of the agents, the willingness of express companies to connive at illegal shipments, and the eagerness of the public for this kind of gambling. Printed lottery tickets and plates are found in possession of a great printing house, but prosecution fails when the firm proves that it was merely filling an order. Customs officers at Mobile, Tampa, and other ports seize a consignment of $500,000 in tickets. The lottery company cancels the issue and puts out a new set; and entire suppression of the evil seems far away.

LOTTERIES

THE PRESS HAS MORE LICENSE than its freedom demands or its conscience deserves. Who ever saw a retraction in a newspaper? Who ever saw a paragraph to the effect that Mr. X——, whom yesterday we slaughtered, turns out, on investigation of the facts, to be an upright citizen? The press, doing its work under ten-hour pressure, acts as if it were as accurate as Brooks's Elementary Arithmetic. The journalistic policy, as a matter of office routine, of turning every protest, without an editorial consideration, immediately over to the office libel lawyer, to wait the years which must elapse before it reaches its place on the court calendar, constitutes an immoral and malevolent relation between a human being and his oppressor. It is said to be "good business"; but might not a more generous policy appeal to a sufficient number to be "good business" also?

A NEW PLAN

SCORNING MODERN CIVILIZATION, the "Lancet" has cast an eye of ruthless reform upon the harmful, unnecessary Broom. It must go! It is the picnic-ground of bacteria, a rendezvous for bacilli where germ calls unto microbe and a thousand diseases frisk among the straws. Put one straw of any well-used broom under the microscope, and you will behold a revel of life which resembles Broadway on election night. If not brooms, what? Shovels? Impractical. Feather dusters? Fatal. What then? Vacuum removers! Simple yet comprehensive. Every laborer's hut shall be provided with one of these patent dust-absorbers, the Municipal Dust Bin shall turn on the steam and the microbes shall be sucked into the vortex of eternity.

BESOMS

FROM

LINCOLN'S GRAVE

Read by Maurice Thompson, once a Confederate soldier, at a Harvard Phi Beta Kappa reunion

He was the Southern mother leaning forth,
At dead of night to hear the cannon roar,
Beseeching God to turn the cruel North
And break it that her son might come once more;
He was New England's maiden, pale and pure,
Whose gallant lover fell on Shiloh's plain;
He was the mangled body of the dead;
He writhing did endure
Wounds and disfigurement and racking pain,
Gangrene and amputation, all things dread.

He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
The thrall, the master, all of us in one;
There was no section that he held the best;
His love shone as impartial as the sun;
And so revenge appealed to him in vain,
He smiled at it, as at a thing forlorn,
And gently put it from him, rose and stood
A moment's space in pain,
Remembering the prairies and the corn
And the glad voices of the field and wood.

WHILE THE HALO is cut from the sainted broom, a Berlin professor of anatomy promises miracles of patchwork upon the human body. Dr. POSNER of Berlin University is the Luther Burbank of surgery. The time is coming—not yet but imminent—when any union surgeon in good standing will be able to graft an artificial arm or leg on the human body. "In the future," says Dr. POSNER in the learned "Gartenlaube," "surgeons will find no difficulty in attaching a beheaded head to the trunk, provided the operation is carried out expeditiously enough." This idea of harmless decapitation arouses infinite conjecture. There are too many rich men with poor heads, light heads, unsatisfactory heads. What a relief it will be, for a fee of one million marks per capita, to be able to exchange one's head for the sensible poll of some wholesome peasant who, for his part, would rather have money than brains! And what a chance for Madame Peacock, when her beauty fades, to effect a change of head with dimpled Mary Smith, her serving maid: except that no woman created in the image of Eve would trade a pretty head, though the transfer fee were all the stocks of Goldfield.

HARMLESS

PUZZLED AND UNHAPPY children all over this broad land grind weary hours away multiplying by 3.1416. By the time lost with this perplexing decimal, children are held back a year from graduating. Explaining it, thousands of teachers waste tens of thousands of hours. Bookkeepers, statisticians, accountants, put millions of dollars' worth of time into it. Greater than its drink bill is the nation's 3.1416 bill. "Wherefore, be it resolved," ran the records of the Brother Jasper Debating Society, "that henceforth and hereafter the circumference of a circle be 3 times and not 3.1416 times its diameter." To the Power, who, at one bound, plucked the thorns from the spelling-book—and scratched them in again—we commend this matter. He will make it right.

EXTRAVAGANCE

WHO IS THE MOST ENVIED and bediamonded among men? The hotel clerk. Who runs away with our heiresses? The hotel clerk. Who gets the straightest tips on the stock market? The hotel clerk. Whose pride goeth not before destruction, and whose glory is never dimmed? The hotel clerk's. So runs the accepted catechism. Now, a truth-seeker in Chicago rises to say that the average hotel clerk's chance in life is a trifle less than nothing. He can't marry, for he is compelled to live in the hotel, and his wages won't pay his wife's board. Even as a bachelor he finds it hard to save money. When he reaches the age limit—not a high one—he is displaced by a young man. There are then three things for him. He may become night clerk in a country hotel, a job that he rose from years before; he may be put in charge of a check-room, and look to tips for most of his pay; or he may try to get other work, using up his savings meanwhile, and end his life in the almshouse. Not a cheering conception, and practically useless to the humorist.

HOTEL CLERKS

THE RUINED CITY

Effects of earthquake and fire on the houses in the business section of Kingston, Jamaica

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANDEGEE

Looking up Luke Lane, Kingston, the morning after the earthquake and fire. In the street may be seen the charred remains of many wagons and carts. It was the burning of these which greatly impeded the removal of the dead and the salvage of stores from the warehouses

(See page 20)

THE LINCOLN FARM ASSOCIATION

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SINCE that strong yeoman pioneer, Thomas Lincoln, moved his family across the Ohio into the almost unbroken wilderness of Indiana, the little farm in the heart of Kentucky on which Abraham Lincoln was born has been left in a state of neglect. Since the days when little Abraham played around the cabin door near the famous rock spring that lies in the centre of the one hundred and ten acres which his father claimed, this historic ground has been transferred by title but three times. A year ago last August this "little model farm that raised a Man" was placed on sale at auction on the court-house steps at Hodgenville, the neighboring town, to free it from the entanglement of a protracted litigation between a private estate and that of a religious society that had tried to acquire it. At the time the Commonwealth of Kentucky directed this public sale it was discovered that this historic spot was coveted by at least two large mercantile establishments, both of which were planning to exploit it for commercial ends. To prevent this, and believing that this birthplace of the "First American" should forever belong to the American people, one of the publishers of COLLIER'S bought the farm under the auctioneer's hammer, and at once interested a group of representative American citizens in forming a national association for the preservation of this ground.

This group of citizens, acting as a self-appointed board of trustees, organized the Lincoln Farm Association, which was promptly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The title to the Lincoln birthplace farm was transferred to this association, and the program for enlarging the membership of the society was at once begun.

Rather than make it possible for a few men of great wealth to contribute large sums to the development of this national shrine it was decided to receive into membership in the society any one who contributed to the general fund of the association as small a sum as twenty-five cents, and to limit all contributions to twenty-five dollars—thus making the great memorial to Lincoln represent the tributes of all the people, whom he loved and served, and not that of a privileged few.

Endorsed by Statesmen

THE purpose and plans of this new patriotic society that was to make this Kentucky farm, almost in the centre of population of the United States, a worthy companion of Mt. Vernon in the affections of our countrymen were placed before the President of the United States and his Cabinet, one of whom was one of the organizers of the society. All gave it most enthusiastic and hearty support. The scheme was then laid before members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, Governors of States, men of letters everywhere, and educators of national fame. With their unqualified endorsement, a year ago this week the Lincoln Farm Association, through the pages of some of the most prominent weekly and monthly publications and the newspapers throughout the country, appealed to the American public for members. The response was immediate and generous. Subscriptions came in from every State in the Union—North and South, East and West. To every subscriber the Association issued a handsomely steel-engraved certificate of membership, bearing a portrait of Lincoln, a picture of the log cabin in which he was born, the White House as it appeared when he occupied it, the autographs of all the officers and trustees, and the seal of the Association. The names of these members are filed in card catalogues and classified by States. When the list of members has been completed and the constructive work of the Association has culminated in the centenary of February 12, 1909, this list will be preserved and guarded in the Historical Museum, which will have been erected on the farm, as the honor roll that built the Lincoln Farm Memorial.

During the year the trustees of the Association have placed the farm under the personal charge of a competent caretaker, who lives on the ground. They have sent Mr. Jules Guerin and Mr. Guy Lowell, two of America's foremost landscape architects, to survey the ground and plan its development, and they have purchased the cabin in which Lincoln was born from the speculators who took it from the little knoll where it originally stood and exploited it as a side-show at various fairs and international expositions. This cabin was found stored in a cellar at College Point, on Long Island, New York. The Pennsylvania Railroad provided a special car, which Mr. John Wanamaker decorated with flags and the national colors. The Governor of Kentucky sent to New York a special squad of State militiamen to escort the old weatherworn logs. Lincoln's old Kentucky home, back to its native soil. Its ride to Louisville is historic. It rested a day under military guard at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Altoona, Pittsburg, Columbus, and Indianapolis. Thousands of citizens came to see and begged the privilege of touching the sacred pile. Mayors of cities and Governors of States paid eloquent tribute to the rude timbers that first sheltered the sad humorist of the Sangamon. And when at last the special train that bore it, brilliant in red, white, and blue, crossed the Ohio into its native border State it was met at the Louisville depot with martial music and military honors. It was carted through the city's streets and placed in the city's park, where Colonel Henry Watterson and Adlai E. Stevenson, former Vice-President of the United States, made the formal orations welcoming back to its native soil the cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born.

The most cordial cooperation has been pledged by many of the surviving commanding generals of the Confederate Army, and the Grand Army of the Republic has officially endorsed the work of the Association, and empowered its commander-in-chief to call upon its upwards of six thousand posts to lend their aid in giving publicity to the and to enlisting all patriotic citizens as members of the Association.

On the 12th day of February, 1909, the nation will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. On that day the Lincoln Farm Association will dedicate the birthplace farm to the American people. The principal address will be made by President Roosevelt, and the nation's most distinguished representatives, North and South, will take part in the dedication and centennial celebration. No national park within our vast domain can emphasize our national ideals and our abiding union as will this birthplace farm.

The Lincoln Centenary

IT will symbolize to our posterity the strong heroism that left the New England hills and the fertile valleys of Virginia, unsatisfied in their needs, to hew a nation out of a wilderness. It lies in the central State that in our great crisis was torn by its loyalty to all the great ideals of the flag. It will forever be a monument to our union rather than to our lamentable difference—and it will be the most signal tribute ever paid by the American people to the nation's greatest servant in its hour of greatest need. Is it not a cause worthy of the cooperation and aid of every living soul who is proud to be an American? If this be so, the Board of Trustees invites you most cordially to join the Association by sending to its treasurer, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, at 74 Broadway, New York, any sum from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, and they urge you to invite your friends to join. It is to the American people that the Board of Trustees must appeal. By 1909 the Lincoln Farm Association should have a membership of half a million loyal Americans. If the American people will themselves make this possible, the Lincoln centenary will be, indeed, one of the most significant events in the nation's history.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 13, 1906.

My dear Mr. Collier:

I gladly accept your invitation on behalf of the Lincoln Farm Association to make an address on the farm, and at the log cabin itself in which Lincoln was born, on February 12, 1909; the one-hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, and therefore one of the most significant events in American history. As Mark Twain has well said, this little farm is "the little farm that raised a Man;" and I count myself fortunate that it has happened to me to be able as President to accept the invitation to make the address at such a place on such an occasion.

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr. Robert J. Collier,
Chairman Executive Committee,
The Lincoln Farm Association,
74 Broadway, New York.

A BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN DOUGLAS AND LINCOLN AT OTTAWA, ILLINOIS

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

ON FRIDAY the 20th of August, 1858, every turnpike, cross-road, and country lane leading to Ottawa, Illinois, was alive with travelers journeying on horseback, in wagons, and afoot, under clouds of dust and a burning summer sun. All sorts and conditions of conveyances were included in the straggling processions. Here a clumsy hay cart lumbered forward, its merry crowd of young straw riders laughing and singing as they bumped along over the ill-made roads; here a canvas-covered ship of the desert jolted its solemn family party, children's faces staring from its cavernous entrance, and a stovepipe protruding from its roof; here a couple of short-legged urchins, innocent of shoes or stockings, proudly bestrode a shaggy old farm horse, guiding it by a bit of rope tied loosely around its neck; here a market wagon loaded with men and provisions towed a buggy accommodating the women and babies of the farm; and here, there, and everywhere trudged dusty men and barefoot boys and girls, converging from all points of the compass toward the county seat of La Salle County.

Ottawa was better prepared than most of the Circuit towns for such an invasion, for the sessions of the Supreme Court were held there twice a year, when all the countryside made it a market, but the limits of its hospitality were soon reached, and long before the vanguard of the approaching army arrived upon the scene its accommodations for visitors had been completely exhausted.

Waiting for the Fight

BUT if the inhabitants of Ottawa were at all alarmed at the prospect of having to provide for the advancing hosts, their fears were soon relieved. One by one the wagons drew off on the prairie as they approached the town, groups of pedestrians congregated about them, and by nightfall the sky was lit up by their campfires, the smell of cooking mingling with the smoke. It was a good-natured, friendly crowd that occupied the bluffs and spread itself over the fields, greetings were exchanged, hospitality proffered, provisions shared, and wherever two or three were gathered together the subject of conversation was the coming struggle between the Big and the Little Giant, for Douglas and Lincoln were matched to meet in debate the next day.

For months Illinois had been watching the rival Senatorial candidates fighting at long range, but no one except a few lawyers who had witnessed their occasional contests in the courts had seen them pitted against each other, and the prospective meeting had aroused unprecedented interest and no little speculation as to its result. To the enthusiastic adherents of Douglas the outcome was not in doubt. No one, in their opinion, compared with the little Judge, who had proved himself more than a match for the ablest Senators in Washington, and it was their belief that it would not take him long to "chaw up Abe Lincoln or anybody like him." The partizans of Lincoln were not without misgivings for their favorite, but they put on a bold front, retorting that the Little Giant would find that he had bitten off more than he could "chaw" by the following evening, and the fact that he had not been overanxious to accept the challenge of his opponent lent force to their assertions.

The first light of dawn on Saturday morning showed picketed horses grazing at the limits of their tethers, kitchen utensils piled around the smoldering fires, men and boys sleeping out in the open or under improvised shelters and women resting inside the hay carts, buggies, and emigrant wagons. Before the sun had fairly risen, however, the campers were astir. Newcomers could be seen approaching in distant clouds of dust, and before long the advance guard of the invaders began pouring into the town.

In the centre of the public square stood the Circuit Court-house.

The Douglas procession, over a mile long and headed by the best band, met the Democratic candidate and escorted him to the Geiger House, his advent being announced by a roaring salute from two brass twelve-pounders in the centre of the town; and shortly after twelve o'clock a special train of seventeen cars arrived from Chicago, Joliet, and the surrounding country, its passengers and the waiting crowds joining in a tumult of cheers for Lincoln, behind whose gaily decorated carriage they formed a noisy escort to the residence of the Mayor. From that hour the streets were almost impassable, the rival processions came to a standstill, and the bands wedged in the crowd blared defiantly at each other. Almost more interesting than the paraders with their flags and banners were the pedlers and fakers who fought their way in and out of the throng, shouting their bargains and displaying wares the like of which many of the country folk had never seen before, and at which they stared in fascinated wonder.

Only a small proportion of this mighty assemblage could by any possibility hope to hear the speakers. Meanwhile something very like a free fight was going on, for the speakers' platform, having been carelessly left unguarded, had been stormed by the audience and the Reception Committee was vainly striving to regain possession. Again and again the intruders were ejected, but others swooped down upon the stand every time it was cleared. Finally some of the more adventurous invaders clambered to the roof and, dislodging

some of the boards, let them down on the heads of the officials, and this brought matters to a climax, for the marshal, who had been galloping about the town all morning, organized a guard which restored order.

On the platform chairs sat the members of the reception committees, the chairman, the moderators, and the reporters, among whom were Robert R. Hitt, official stenographer for the Chicago "Press and Tribune"; Horace White, representing the same paper; Chester P. Dewey, of the New York "Evening Post"; Henry Villard, of the New York "Staats-Zeitung," and Messrs. Binmore and Sheridan of the Chicago "Times."

Douglas Was Defiant

IT was half past two in the afternoon before a great shout announced the arrival of the champions, and a short, stout, but powerfully built man forced his way through the crowd and, stepping to the edge of the platform, bowed gracefully to the cheering multitudes. There was confidence in every line of Douglas's strong, clear-cut, clean-shaven face; confidence and complete self-possession in his every movement—confidence and determination in the glance he cast at his awkward rival, who, accompanied by his host, Mayor Glover, and the Congressional candidate, Owen Lovejoy, clumsily acknowledged the genuine burst of acclamation which greeted his appearance.

No time was wasted in introducing the speakers. Neither of them required such a formality, and yet it is improbable that a majority of the spectators had ever seen either man before. Certainly Lincoln was not personally well known to many men in Illinois outside of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and Douglas had spent far more time in Washington than he had in his own State during the last six years, while the population was increasing by leaps and bounds. Douglas's reputation was, however, national in its scope—every one knew his record—while Lincoln was comparatively unknown. Such were the advantages and disadvantages of the combatants as Douglas rose and, with a brief reference to the vast audience confronting him, plunged at once into an argument attacking Lincoln and the Black Republicans as Abolitionists in disguise. Almost from his opening words the speaker assumed an air of superiority, stating his facts in a convincingly authoritative tone and belittling his adversary's political pretensions and generally treating him with such marked condescension that many of Lincoln's friends, watching his dark, homely, careworn face, began to fear that he had displayed more courage than wisdom in courting comparison with so brilliant a rival. Douglas was not slow to press his advantage, and, encouraged by the laughter of his auditors, he proceeded to attack his opponent's doctrines.

Douglas's Great Mistake

"LET me read a part of them," he continued contemptuously. "In his speech at Springfield to the convention which nominated him for the Senate, Lincoln said: '*A House divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half Slave and half Free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the House to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become lawful for all the States—old as well as new—North as well as South!*'"

The words were scarcely uttered before a spontaneous burst of cheering rent the air, swelling to a mighty shout of approval and admiration from thousands of lusty lungs.

For a moment Douglas stood disconcerted by the unwelcome demonstration, but, almost immediately recovering his self-possession, he savagely attacked the interrupters.

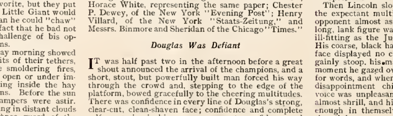
"I am delighted to hear you Black Republicans!" he roared. "I have no doubt that doctrine expresses your sentiments, and I will prove to you now that it is revolutionary and destructive of this Government!"

From that moment, however, the orator changed his tactics, indulging in no further personal comments and devoting himself to serious argument and pointed questions until he again fixed the attention of his hearers and, regaining his confidence and good temper, closed his speech to a burst of well-earned cheering.

Then Lincoln slowly rose from his chair and faced the expectant multitude, presenting a contrast to his opponent almost as painful as it was apparent. His long, lank figure was clothed in garments as rusty and ill-fitting as the Judge's were fresh and well made. His coarse, black hair was disheveled, his sad, anxious face displayed no confidence, his posture was an ungainly stoop, his manner was dejection itself. For a moment he gazed over the audience as though at a loss for words, and when at last he began speaking another disappointment chilled his supporters' hopes. His voice was unpleasantly high pitched, penetrating, and almost shrill, and his opening sentences, commonplace enough in themselves, were uttered hesitatingly, as though he were groping for words. Finally he took a note-book from his pocket and asked permission of the audience to read part of a printed speech he had made in 1854.

"Put on your specs!" called some one in the crowd, and the audience roared, expecting a smart reply. But no repartee came from the man whose reputation as a wit and a jester was supposedly assured.

"Yes, sir, I am obliged to do so," he responded gravely. "I am no longer a young man."



The disappointment of the speaker's friends was plainly visible, but even as they strove to conceal their embarrassment their champion began to retrieve himself. Still speaking slowly, but with gathering energy, he gradually straightened to his full height, his voice lost something of its rasp and gained in volume and quality, his eyes

brightened, his face became more animated, his gestures freer, and his words commenced to flow more easily. Little by little the hopes of his supporters revived and all signs of restlessness disappeared, the audience listening silently and with growing interest, for Lincoln's voice, carrying much further than his opponent's, reached the very outskirts of the crowd. Those who had come expecting to be amused by anecdotes had reason to feel aggrieved, however, for no funny stories or drolleries of any kind fell from the speaker's lips, yet the vast assemblage listened quietly to every word he spoke. It was no sudden burst of eloquence or any trick of declamation which won that tribute of respectful silence, and yet the man was eloquent with his earnest sincerity, his simple logic, his clear analysis, his orderly presentment of intelligent argument. With steadily increasing force he spoke directly to those before him, his wonderful eyes seeking individuals in the crowd and holding them enthralled until each hearer felt himself the one distinguished and specially addressed. There was no escaping him; he appealed personally to all within sound of his voice, meeting his adversary's arguments with a clarity and simplicity of statement that all could grasp, until he dominated the audience, swaying it to his will. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, he passed to his peroration, his sentences ringing out boldly and defiantly and arousing a tumult of cheering that died down only to burst out again, swelling to shout after shout of frenzied approbation as he closed.

With half an hour at his disposal for reply, Douglas struggled hard to stem this tide of popular approval and regain his lost advantage, but in vain. At the close of his rejoinder the audience applauded and then —as though by common consent—stormed the platform and carried his opponent off upon their shoulders, five thousand men struggling to share in the ovation.

Thus ended the first battle of the Giants, but six others remained to be fought. At Freeport, on August 27, before another mighty audience, Lincoln forced his opponent to answer the question which split the Democracy and shattered his hopes of the Presidency forever. By the time Jonesboro was reached, on September 15, Douglas had lost his jaunty confidence and began striking out right and left. At Charleston while Lincoln was speaking he could not keep his seat, but paced nervously up and down the platform behind his adversary, watch in hand. At Galesburg, on October 7, he was visibly alarmed and fighting hard. Meanwhile the contest upon which he had entered so light-heartedly was draining his purse and his strength. To pay for the special train which carried him about the State and to meet other heavy campaign expenses he was mortgaging his property and straining every nerve to keep his head above the dangerously rising tide. At Quincy he looked haggard and worn, and when at length the final contest took place at Alton, on October 15, his strength and nerves and money were exhausted.

Eight votes was the margin of his victory—a victory that cost him eighty thousand dollars and the Presidency, while Lincoln returned to the Eighth Circuit and the practise of the law with a total outlay of less than a thousand dollars and a national reputation, destined within two years to sweep all opponents from the field and to place him forever in the hearts of his countrymen as "The First American."

LINCOLN IN THE WAR OFFICE

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SECRET CIPHER OPERATOR UNDER SECRETARY STANTON

By ALBERT B. CHANDLER

I THINK those who personally knew Abraham Lincoln will never tire of thinking of him and talking about him. His kindly and unpretentious nature, and his plain, simple, and friendly ways and manners, as well as his absolute integrity of purpose and breadth of mind, so far in advance of his time, more and more command the admiration, veneration, and affection of all those whose privilege it was to know him while be lived—and of those, too, who did not know him, but who have learned most concerning his career as a citizen, and as a politician of tbe highest type, and as President of our beloved country during the period of its greatest peril. In the midst of difficulties and dangers that comparatively few realized at the time, and which threatened the distruction of the government, his rare wisdom and surpassing skill and diplomacy are more and more clearly revealed as the years go by.

I was one of three cipher operators, in Military Telegraph service in the Old War Department Building, whom Mr. Stanton's secretary used to call the "Sacred Three." Charles Tinker and Homer Bates were my coworkers in this important and confidential duty. Much of the time I alone occupied the room adjoining the office of the great Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. This was often spoken of as the President's room, for it was to it that he came nearly every day, as he said, "to get rid of bis persecutors." But he had another reason for these visits, which frequently occurred in the early morning, less frequently during the day, and often in the evening. In one of the top drawers of my desk I kept the carbon copies of the war despatches. This was known as the President's drawer. To it he came at all hours to review the latest news from the field. His constant anxiety for the various armies was the main object of his spending so many hours in the War Department telegraph office, and the talks that be had there with the telegraph boys and Major Eckert, their Superintendent, seemed to afford him genuine diversion.

Mr. Lincoln's anxiety to prevent the sacrifice of life that it was in his power to save, on several occasions brought bim to the telegraph office alone, late at night, to assure himself that a despatch ordering the reprieve of a soldier condemned to be shot was promptly and properly transmitted. It was apparent that the tendency of his mind was to believe every one innocent of wrong intention unless evidence to the contrary was entirely clear; and even then his disposition was toward clemency. While we of that historic office survive we shall celebrate more feelingly, I believe, than most men, in our own minds if not in a public way, the memory of a towering genius now so universally recognized as worthy of the deepest gratitude of his countrymen, and the anniversary of whose advent has become a national holiday no less revered than that of the immortal Washington.

Mr. Lincoln's fondness for story-telling, and the extent to which he indulged it, are well known, and have not, I think, been overstated. His sense of the ridiculous was exceedingly keen, his memory surprising, and his power of illustration and even of mimicry was often demonstrated in the use of very simple, funny and sometimes undignified stories.

I recall one day when he had just seated himself at a desk with the latest messages before him when he heard a newsboy on the street crying: "Here's yer Philadelphia Inquiry." He mimicked the peculiar pronunciation and tone of the boy, and then said: "Did I ever tell you of the joke the Chicago newsboys had on me?" Replying negatively, he related: "A short time before my nomination I was in Chicago attending a lawsuit. A photographer of that city asked me to sit for a picture, and I did so. This coarse, rough hair of mine was in a particularly bad tousle at the time, and the picture presented me in all its fright. After my nomination, this being about the only picture of me tbere was, copies were struck to show those who had never seen me how I looked. The newsboys carried them around to sell, and had for their cry: 'Here's your old Abe, 'll look better when he gets his hair combed.' "

On the evening of August 7, 1863, while I was alone in the office, Mr. Lincoln came in, bringing a long message, which he had written with his own hand, addressed to Governor Seymour of New York. He sat down at the desk and carefully revised it, and then called me to sit by him while he read it, so that I might understand it and see that it was properly transmitted. He explained to me something of the occasion of it, and about a special messenger having come down from New York with a long argument from Governor Seymour, urging among other things that the draft should be suspended until the United States Supreme Court had decided as to the constitutionality of the draft law; and be told me a funny story about a Boston minister who had been drafted, and the criticism that he made upon that method of recruiting the army. He then mentioned a bright saying which he had recently heard during the riots in New York, in which the Irish figured most conspicuously, as follows: "It is said that General Kilpatrick is going to New York to quell the riots, but that his name has nothing to do with it."

Men Do Much for Flattery

A FRIEND of mine in New York City asked me by letter to obtain for him a good picture of Mr. Lincoln with his autograph upon it, so I got a couple of photographs recently taken of him and one evening handed them to him, repeating the request of my friend and remarking that I supposed he was frequently annoyed by similar applications. He said: "Well, I suppose you know that men will stand a good deal when they are flattered a little." I smiled doubtfully, and he said, without giving me time for a reply, and while writing his name on the pictures: "You haven't learned that yet? Well, you needn't remain any longer in ignorance of it, because it's so."

It had so happened for several days that Major Eckert had been out whenever the President came into the office. Coming in one day and finding the Major counting money at his desk, Mr. Lincoln remarked that he believed the Major never came to the office any more except when he had money to count. The Major declared that his being out when the President happened to come in was simply a coincidence and reminded him (the Major) of a story: "A certain tailor in Mansfield, Ohio, was very stylish in dress and airy in manner. Passing a shopkeeper's door one day, the shopkeeper puffed bimself up and gave a long blow expressive of the inflation of the conceited tailor, who indignantly turned and said: 'I'll teach you not to blow wben I'm passing,' to which the shopkeeper instantly replied: 'And I'll teach you not to pass while I'm blowing.' " The President said that was very good, very like a story which he had heard of a man who was driving through the country in an open buggy and was caught at nigbt in a pouring shower of rain. He was hurrying forward toward shelter as fast as possible; passing a farmhouse a man, apparently struggling with the effects of bad whisky, thrust his head out of the window and shouted loudly: "Hello, hello!" The traveler stopped and asked what was wanted. "Nothing of you," was the reply. "Well, what in the devil do you shout hello for when people are passing?" angrily asked the traveler. "Well, what in the devil are you passing for when people are shouting hello?" replied the inebriate.

The only occasion on which I knew Mr. Lincoln to use a profane word was on receipt of a telegram from General Burnside, then in Greenville, Tennessee, announcing that he expected a portion of his command to be at Jonesboro at a certain time. Eagerly looking over the map to see the position of the force under Burnside's command, it seemed to him that the portion referred to was marching away from instead of to the rescue of General Rosecrans, as ordered. Mr. Lincoln reread the despatch, thinking there must be some mistake, and repeated to himself: "Jonesboro, Jonesboro, damn Jonesboro!" and he immediately addressed a telegram to Burnside, saying: "If you are to do any good to Rosecrans it will not do to waste time with Jonesboro. It is already too late to do the most good that might have been done, but I hope it will still do some good. Please do not lose a moment."

During my knowledge of him, Mr. Lincoln always dressed in plain black, his clothes sometimes showing wear. I think I never saw him wear an overcoat—instead of that he wore an ample, plain but peculiarly figured gray shawl, and his usual way of disposing of it as he entered the office was to hang it across the top of the inner door, which was nearly always standing open, so high as to be out of the reach of a man of ordinary height. When sitting at his desk writing briefly he sometimes assumed a half-kneeling, half-sitting posture, with one knee on the carpet. When composing at some length it was his habit to look out of the window and apparently unconsciously scratched his head, particularly his temples, often moving his lips in whispers until he had his sentence formed, when he would put it on paper. He wrote slowly but quite legibly, taking care to punctuate accurately. His spelling was faultless, which is not true of all great men, even those of education, and yet on two or three occasions he asked me while writing as to the use of one or two "l's" or "t's." He rarely erased or underlined, and his diction, so peculiar to himself, always seemed to me the perfection of plain, simple English. He sometimes read aloud, and on one occasion I remember his reading to me at some length, rather slowly and thoughtfully, and purposely mispronouncing certain words, placing the accent on the wrong syllable and the like. He was at this time sitting opposite me beside the large table on which I was writing, his chair leaned back against the wall, his legs crossed, one foot resting upon the round of his chair and tbe other suspended in space. During this reading he stopped occasionally to remark upon the subject of his reading—a detailed description of a battle—and one of his remarks I remember was upon the meagreness of adjectives in the language to express the different degrees of feeling and action.

THE LOG CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN

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1809

SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE OF LINCOLN

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FARM AS IT WILL LOOK

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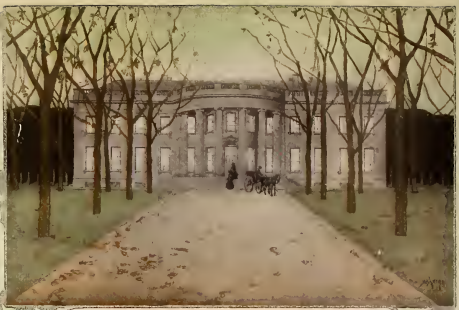

PROPOSED HISTORICAL MUSEUM TO BE BUILT ON THE FARM

HEN THE CONTEMPLATED IMPROVEMENTS ARE MADE

ROAD FROM HODGENVILLE TO THE FARM

A Little Ripple of Patriotism

Clancy and Casey, doughboys at liberty, falling in with others of their kind, attend the theatre, where there is somewhat of a falling out

By Rowland Thomas

Author of "Fagan"

"WANT passes, eh? Twelve-hour passes? H'm," says the Captain. Me and big Terry Clancy and three or four others was standin' up in front of him with three months' pay in our blouses, lookin' pleasant and harmless for a fare ye well. "H'm," he says, "you're a fine bunch. Can you remember you're in Maniller now, not Samar?"

"We can, sir," says Terry.

"H'm. Take your mouth out fr'm under your chin, Clancy," says th' Old Man "It looks better. H'm. Well, go along with ye, and if ye get into trouble ast the Lord to have mercy on your crazy heads, f'r ye know well by this time that I won't,' he says.

And with that he signs the passes, an' that's where he let us all in for it. Yes, sir, me and Terry and th' Old Man and the Regiment and the Little Brown Brothers and the C. G all had ours comin' right then, on'y we didn't know about it—not yet. We thought we was just homeward bound, and we wanted a little fun with Maniller to make up for the deeprivations of the Samar campaign. Well, we got it all right.

"H'm," says the Captain, dealin' us the passes, "I'm sorry f'r Maniller, but ye have earned a little reelaxation. Don't forget you're f'r guard to-morrer, Casey," he says to me, an' we saluted an' started out.

Terry and me clumb into a two-wheeled chicken-coop-wagon outside the Barracks, and th' horse not bein' only boy's size, allee same Fillypeener, the pair of us lifted him by the slings and we just naturally wandered on tiptoe down to the New Bridge. They give you the biggest schooner of San Magill f'r your peseta there. New Bridge is th' name.

We had some beers, and then we went across to Mrs. Smith's and got a steak that never seen a tin can, and then we went back to the New Bridge and met up with some more of th' Army. There was an Engineer't could deal himself the coldest hand of talk I ever bucked up against, and two Coast Artillerys, and a Marine, an Irishman named Schleimacher that Clancy remembered helping to stuff a jade idol into his blouse up in Peking. Maybe there were others. I don't remember.

Some way I don't remember a whole lot of things about that day. The beer was cold, and along in the middle of th' afternoon my thoughts got to herdin' close, an' it was more'n I could do to cut some of th'm out of th' bunch an' read the brands on th'm. There must 'a' been strays around, for all of a sudden I got to cryin' about dear old mother an' the little cabin—*me!* I was born in Springfield, Massachusetts—in a tenement—and I pulled my freight for Arizona soon as I could walk. But I sure was cryin' about that thought, whoever it belonged to, and the Engineer ast me what the trouble was and I told him.

"Gentlemen o' France," says he—I ain't quotin' him exact, I'm no college graduate—"Gentlemen o' France *and* Ireland, what say you to charterin' a couple of wagons, large glad wagons with rubber tires, and carryin' our brother out to refresh his homesick eyes on th' emerald, sunburnt turf of th' Luneta, while Professor Lovering's gu-gu band flirts with sweet music, and we watches the sunset glow on Mariveles?"

Yes, sir, right off'n the bat he showed down a line of talk like that, all aces an' better, and it fazed us f'r a minute. He was a warm boy, that Engineer. But old Terry was game.

"Son of th' pick-ax an' th' thebobolite," he says, startin' to play up, "lead on," he says, "that is—if—if ye mean go to th' band concert, we're with ye while th' money lasts," he finishes, winded.

So we gets a couple of victoriers, two horses apiece, footmen and all, and strikes for the Luneta, makin' full as much show as any civilian clerk in the Q. M. D. More, may be, f'r that Irishman Schleimacher wanted to put his feet up on the box. We tried to make him ride decent, but th' Engineer butted in. "Let him be," he says. "Otherwise what's th' use of a footman, anyway?" So he kep them up, and I reckon we attracted a lot of attention that didn't cost us a cent.

By the time we got out there by the beach th' air had cleared up my head, and I sat up and begun to take notice. And about the first thing I noticed hard was Terry. He'd quit talkin', an' there was a helluva disdainful look on that two-foot face of his, and he took off his hat to the flagpole when we went by it, second trip round. I'd ought to have stopped the game right there. There's two kinds of Irish, if y'ever noticed, common wild ones that generally has the luck to meet Old Trouble when she comes marchin' down the street comp'ny front, and the fancy kind that can recruit a whole bunch of trouble right in th' middle of Paco bone-heap. Terry's that last kind, and when he gets low-spirited and patriotic and full of beer it's time to break for the tall and uncut.

Well, the band kep' on a playin', an' the sun kep' on a settin', and we kep' drivin' round and round that mangy bunch o' grass, and Terry kep' on gettin' glummer and glummer. After a while he says to me: "Look at th' pretty ladies, Casey, all the pretty ladies in white dresses an' talcum-powder. An' spot the gay young grafters in th' morgidged rigs. You and me can't speak to th' likes of them, Casey. We're nothin' but soldiers. That's all, just soldiers gettin' it in the neck for fifteen-sixty per. Oh, hell!" he says, and spits hard and straight at a swell native in white clothes that was waitin' for us to go by. "Look at him with shoes on like a white man! There ain't a ripple of patriotism in the whole damn outfit. There's th' old flag flyin' up above th'm, an' they never look at it. Just ride around and flirt with each other and let natives walk around with shoes on, like white men. They make me sick. I'm on'y a common soldier, an' I suppose th' Army is th' on'y place f'r lads like me—" he says, ready to cry, an' th' Engineer butted in to change the subjick.

"So say our long-suffering parents and sweethearts," he says.

"Pontoons," says Terry, talkin' from about an inch above his stummick, "you're a lively lad with your head an' your tongue, but ye' lack dep'. I never seen ye' before, an' I never want to see ye again, f'r I know ye lack more dep' 'n any man I ever met. There's moments in th' life of a real man ye couldn't no more understand 'n a Chinese storekeeper. An' this is one of th'm," he says, pullin' his hat down over his eyes.

He didn't say no more, but when the nigger band struck up th' Umpty-deé-he-hee-*heeé* music to show it was all over now Terry got up slow and stiff and threw a chest and squeezed his hat to his left breast and stood there in the rig, lookin' considerable like some gen'rals you an' me've seen. He kep' on standin' there after the music had stopped, and after a while it got tiresome and th' Engineer told the cochero to sigue ahead.

"*Hindi!*" says Terry. "Don't you believe it. You're like all th' rest," he says to us, plumb disgusted. "You call yourselves soldiers, an' all you think about is just chow. *Chow*, at a moment like this! You ain't got a ripple of patriotism in ye, the whole bunch, big enough to grease a twenty-two cartridge—" and he made us drive up and down th' Malecon twice in th' moonlight before he'd go to supper.

While he was chowin' he kep' gettin' grumper and grumper, and after supper, when th' Engineer wanted to be gettin' back to quarters—he was livin' over'n old Santiaygo—Terry just busted loose.

"Pontoons," he says, "I t'ought you was a man. You're big enough f'r one. Run away an' join the Naytional Guard. Go an' be a pinkety-pink Vol'nteer an' tell th' nursery sergeant not to wake you up without your p'rmission. Go an' dog-rob f'r a c'mission. Go an' do this an' do that," he says, thinkin' up a whole lot of different places for th' Engineer to go to—till fin'lly he got so ugly we took him into the New Bridge again and bought him a drink to calm him down.

It didn't do no good. He kep' one eye on the door an' th' other on the Engineer, and slung hot air till you wouldn't think a big guy like that would've stood for it. But th' Engineer just grins.

"Gentlemen," he says, "gentlemen and friend Clancy—there's a hard-hearted son of Plymouth Rock commands the comp'ny that'll be roundin' up all the little devils to check roll-call six times a day before he's been dead a month. He'll mult me a month's pay f'r missin' Retreat to-night—not that the pleasure of meetin' you ain't worth the price," he says to Terry, "but I might just as well miss Taps now and get a month in th' jug besides. What's the use of freedom without money? To-night we have both, and we'll pour them out like blood to soothe the feelin's of a friend whose heart is sad to think that the flag which floated o'er his cradle now decks the schoolhouses of the brave but eelusive Fillypeeners."

"My thoughts got to advancing and I went to sleep"

Terry's mouth sort of hung open when the Engineer struck his pace, but he brightened up quick as he got onto the drift of it. "Ye read my feelin's like a padre," he says to him, "an' I like your build. If you was on'y in th' comp'ny it's many a fight we'd have had together—an' we may have one yet. Here's lookin' at ye! You're a soldier, you are, *and* a gentleman. Here's how!"

Of course, we had a beer on the Engineer then, and two on the Coast Artillerys, who'd been sayin' little all day, but drinkin' hearty. The poor devils get that way, bein' stationed mostly near big cities like Portland, Maine, and Guam, where chanstes are few since the Christian Temperance women got their stranglehold. And then our A. O. H. friend Schleimacher sets them up an' says: "Fellers, a sailor like me—"

"Don't you miscall yourself, you're more of a soldier than a heap of th' muts I'm herdin' with," says Terry, takin' a sling at us, "but ye *do* loot like a sailor," he says.

"I'm a soldier at sea all right," says the Marine, "for I'm seasick as an army transport ev'ry trip. I was talkin' when you butted in. A sailor like me don't have many look-ins for what you might call reefined amusements. Cavité's mostly cock-fights an' drill. So I moves we all go to a nigger theayter, where there's sure to be plenty doin'."

We went, victoriers an' all, and Old Trouble must a been howlin' for joy to see us comin' along. When we got there there was a big crowd outside, and we was wedged up against one of th' stands where the girls

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sell bananas and cigarettes and such truck. One of th'm—a pretty good-lookin' girl she was, too—smiles at Terry, and he opens up a conversation, an' fin'lly he says to me: "'Tis a long time since I've et a hard-boiled egg, an' I'm goin' to have one if they're fresh. *Frescoes?*" he asts, pointin' to the eggs. "*Wavoes frescoes?*" *Fresco* means cool in common bamboo Spanish, but he was usin' a private Castilian brand of his own. "*Wavoes frescoes?*" he says. "Is the eggs cool?"

"*Como helados, chiquito mio,*" says the girl, laughin'. "Like ice, my honey-bunch," she says.

"Give me two then, and keep the change," says Terry. "You're a neat little gu-gu. *Dos!*" he says, holdin' up his fingers.

He broke one of his eggs—an' he dropped it quick. "Ye little merrocker-leather daughter o' sin and shame," be says to the girl—I ain't quotin' *him* exact neither—"ye little two-f'r-a-cent bunch o' calicker," he says, mixin' in some other words on th' side, "bein' a lady, I can't say what I think of you, but it ain't such a helluva much—and don't ye grin at *me!* I might 've *et* that! If it had on'y known enough to *peep,*" he says to us, "it needn't never have got boiled *alive.* *Wavoes frescoes!* Damn a country where a pretty girl will lie to you f'r a cent. I'll keep th' other one till I'm a whole lot hungry," he says, slippin' it into his pocket.

He kep' on mutterin' to himself while he was squeezin' up to the little window--and a good tight squeeze we had. Y'see old Ma Trouble had c'llected a special crowd f'r th' occasion, but we never noticed that. We just hiked ahead, and having had plenty of money—though little of it was left by that time—we bought a box and went in.

Maybe you've never been in a gu-gu theayter. The floor is the ground, an' that's the orchestray. Then around that runs a row of boxes without any fronts or back or tops or sides, and behind them is the balcony. Well, we swell guys pikes up to our box and starts in to be the real things. In one of them theayters you want to sit with your hat on till the curtain rises, and smoke cigarettes and look at the women. That was easy for us, an' th' Engineer gets up a two-handed game of eyes with a chocolate-colored dame that begun to look entanglin'. But Terry broke it up. "Cut it out," he says. "She'll be over here in a minute, sittin' on your lap while she steals th' buttons off'n your coat. Ye can't trust any of th'm. *Wavoes frescoes!*" he says.

And right there old Ma played her joker. That drayma we'd come to see was called "Kahapon"—but you don't *sabe hablar Fillypeener.* "Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrer" was the name, an' th' first act was Yesterday. That was Spain. There was nothin' much doin' f'r a while, just foolin' round a good deal like that Greaser show they used to have in San Antone, talkin' slow an' keepin' your hand on your knife. But after a while a priest come on, one of th' Friars, an' they knocked him down in th' first round, and then they kicked him all over the stage and sat on him and raised a rough-house with bim for fair.

They'd just tossed him out of sight when a lot of Spanish soldiers come on, and the shootin' began. Well, sir, the Fillypeeners cleaned them Greasers out f'r keeps, an' th' little leadin' lady grabs the Spanish flag and rips it up the middle and walks on the pieces. The house went wild at that, an' while they was clappin' and shoutin' the sun of Fillypeener liberty began to rise at th' back of th' stage. It was a shaky old sun with three K's on its face, like freckles. I see Terry fumblin' in his pocket, and then, just as th' sun is gettin' fairly up, somethin' puts the poor thing's eye out and th' curtain falls quick. "*Wavoes frescoes!*" Terry says, like he was talkin' to himself.

Well, sir, things livened up something wonderful just about then. All th' natives in th' audience, and there was about a thousand of th'm, began to yowl like cats and crowd toward our box, and half a dozen Spaniards was yellin' "*Brayvo el Americano,*" and some Americans that was scattered round through the place was sayin' nothing, but movin' up at th' double.

"Nothin' doin', boys," Terry yells, standin' up, and a big man he looked. "Scat!" he says to the natives. "*Sigue Dagupan,* you *Kittykattypunanos,* before I chew you up," he says, and made like he was goin' to jump down among th'm.

They scatted all right, and we pulled Terry down, quiet enough, on'y his shoulders was twitchin' under

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"'Bein' a lady, I can't say what I think of you, but it ain't such a much!'"

his blouse. "Casey," he says to me, "I always took the Fillypeeners for Catholics till I seen th'm maul that padre. God help th' next one I lay foot to."

"I mistrust this is one of th' seditious plays we read about," th' Engineer whispers to me, "and I reckon To-day will be worse than Yesterday for the big man We'd better get him out of here."

"His patriotism is sure ripplin' lively," I says.

"An' did ye ever read a po'm," says the lad, "about a pebble dropped in th' middle of th' ocean, an' the ripples it'll kick up?"

"I never read po'try," I says, "but if Terry ever drops down in that crowd there'll be something kicked up for keeps." An' then the crowd quieted down an' the curtain went up f'r th' second act.

To-day was us, th' Americans. A little gen'ral with pompydoor hair walked round on th' stage f'r a while, and *hablared* to his crowd, and then six men in khaki came in, carryin' th' flag, and th' other gang began to shoot th'm up. It wasn't very pretty to watcb, on'y we didn't have time to look much. Th' Engineer and me had one of Terry's arms, and Schleimacher was tryin' to keep a hand over his mouth and not get bitten, f'r the talk he was tryin' to make was fierce. We held him all right till th' Americans was lyin' round the stage dead and picturesque as hell, an' then th' little girl grabs th' flag, and you could seem to hear th' audience draw a long breatb.

I didn't think she'd dare to do it, an' th' audience didn't neither, but sure enough she spits on it an' tosses it on th' floor, and tben—well, old Terry just brushes th' Engineer and me out of his way and steps up on the rail of the box and makes his little speech. "Boys!" he yells, "remember Balangiga an' th' rest of th' coward's tricks they've played us. That's the flag," an' he hops down to the floor.

"Come on," I yells to th' Engineer, "if he gets on that stage it'll be murder," and down we jumps.

It was like slippin' off a ford into quick water. I never did like a fight in a house, and this was the noisiest one I ever struck. The women was screechin' and th' men howlin' and th' boys behind us was laughin' and shoutin' and bangin' every head that came their way, and some fool began to let off a gun into th' roof. But tb' Engineer and me just kep' on down th' aisle after Terry. Just as he reached th' musicians the curtain came down, but he picked up a little fiddler and tossed bim into the rotten old cloth like a sack of beans, and went through th' hole after him onto the stage.

But it stopped him up enough so't the Engineer and me clumb through right behind him. We piled onto him just as he was makin' a rush f'r a bunch of th' actors, and there was a good lively mix-up f'r a few seconds. Men began to come through the curtain in a dozen places, and the racket in th' house outside doubled up. I don't know just everything that happened, f'r th' minute Terry gave in a bit we drug him out the back way and cut up an alley. We didn't stop to find out where Schleimacher and th' Artillerys was, and I s'pose them victoriers is there yet waitin' for their money. And I'll bet there never was no To-morrer in that drayma.

We got out onto the corner where there's a saloon, and then we stopped a minute to listen. Same as always, th' minute Terry couldn't do any more harm he was gentle as a child. "There's patriotism around all right," he says, cockin' his head toward the racket back at th' theayter, "on'y it needs somebody to stir it up. I'll bet anybody five to one in beers that somebody gets hurt out of this before it's done," he says, as an extry loud howl and a ripple of shots went up fr'm the theayter and a patrol-wagon came ting-tingin' down the street. "I make it beer," says Terry, "because I'm thirsty."

"Take you," says th' Engineer, "an' we'll step in here and pay up one of th'm now." So we stepped in there, and sev'ral other places, till we sort of got th' habit, and I reckon we traveled all over Maniller and had beers with about half th' Army. Th' last thing I remember Terry had got patriotic again an' was sayin' a po'm about th' flag. Then my thoughts got to advancing in regimental formation and I went to sleep.

The dinky little guard-mount march was goin' next mornin' when I woke up, so I knew something was wrong, and when I reached f'r my rifle I found I was in th' guard-house and Terry was poundin' his ear on a bunk beside me. My head felt like a carabao had walked on it, and I yelled to the sentry for some water.

"There's th' ice-water over'n the corner," he says, lookin' in through the bars. "You sure ain't forgotten this quick."

"What did we do?" I asts him, gulpin' down about a quart in one swaller.

"What didn't ye do?" says he. "Pers'nally ye did up three of us while we was puttin' ye in th' cooler here. Ye came home singin' in a carrermatter 'bout 3 A. M., an' Terry wanted th' cochero to come in an' kneel in front of th' flagpole and have his head cut off. And you was tryin' to borrow a bay'net f'r him. Generally I guess you'll get to remem-berin' most all you did before th' Old Man gets through with you. He's had a squad of policemen *and* an orderly fr'm headquarters call to see him this mornin', and fr'm what they said I should judge you'd tried to bust up the little old Civil Gov'-ment and clean up the L. B. B. Don't be bashful about th' water," he says. "It's all for you."

While I was sloshin' ice-water over my head Terry woke up, and we sat on th' edges of the bunks and talked it over. Neither of us felt real affectionate. We was still talkin' when the guard came and took us out to th' orderly-room, up in front of th' Old Man.

"H'm," he says, swingin' back in his chair. "Do ye want to call any witnesses to prove ye didn't do it?"

"No, sir," we both says quick. We'd known him f'r some time.

"H'm. That's lucky f'r you," he says. "I don't mind havin' men try to run my guard at three in th' mornin'," he says, talkin' to the ceiling like an old friend, "nor tryin' to murder a coachman on my parade-ground, nor blackin' the eye of the sergeant of tbe guard. H'm. Ye've got to expect these little pleasantries fr'm soldiers, of course," says he. "H'm. But when I have to drive away six policemen before breakfast who've come to arrest two of my men f'r assaultin' several hundred natives an' wreckin' a theayter, I've got to draw th' line. There's eddy-toryals about them men this mornin' in all the native papers, *and* th' *Cable News.* A brutal attack on peaceable, well-disposed Fillypeeners, and on hundreds of th'm at that, is an assault to the foundations of gover-ment which I can't overlook. H'm."

"She spit on th' flag, sir," says Terry.

"The Colonel wanted those men for a G. C. M. tbis mornin'," says th' Old Man, "to say nothin' of the civil authorities wantin' th'm f'r sedition and treason and

what-not. But there ain't been a general pris'ner out of this Comp'ny in five years now, and I persuaded th' Commandin' Officer that I could attend to th' case. H'm. What do you think about it, Casey?"

"Yessir," says I.

"H'm. And Clancy?"

"Yessir," says Terry.

"H'm. Y'r confidence is flatterin'," says he, and gets up and begins to limp around the room on his bad leg. He walks around there f'r five minutes anyway, never sayin' a word, and then fin'lly he stops and looks out of th' window. "A very pretty parade-ground we have here, Mr. Boyd," he says to th' Lootenant. You cially in Maniller. We must try to make it flow in a gentle, steady stream. H'm. If you let it fly in chunks it closely resimbles annichy," he says, "specially in Maniller. H'm. Sentry, march these men to the parade-ground and see that they pluck the grass, all the grass, between the stones, tie it in bundles of fifty stalks, neat bundles, and place them at the foot of the post flagstaff. H'm. And, Sentry, see that after depositin' each bundle they retire twelve paces and salute the flag before resumin' work. After you have cleaned the parade," he says, "I may be able to find some other work f'r you. If ye feel y'r patriotism flaggin' just tell the sentry and he will bring you in to

hyener," says Terry. "I'll make y'r face over when I get a chanst."

"Intimidatin' a sentry in the discharge of his duty," says Skinny, but he shut up, far as talk went. On'y he made a kugle of his nose an' begun to hum little tunes through it, an' then th' crowd begun driftin' out on th' verandas an' caught on, an' all you could hear was that whole dumn parrot-faced battalion blowin' through their noses, Umpty-ded-he-hee-*heee*, he-he-*heee*-hum-hum-*hum!*

Terry and me said nothin' an' picked busy f'r a while, but about the fifteth bundle the hot stones an' th' sun an' yesterday's beer an' the crowd loafin' in the

"He picked up a little fiddler and tossed him into the rotten old cloth like a sack of beans, and went through th' hole after him."

remember how th' old barracks is built, in a square round a p'rade big enough f'r a regimental corral, with th' post flagstaff stickin' up in the middle, lookin' three hundred feet high. "Very pretty, Mr. Boyd," he says.

"Yes, sir, very pretty," says the Lootenant, puzzled to know what th' Old Man would be carin' about p'rades just then. He hadn't served with him as long as me and Clancy.

"H'm," says the Captain. "Very pretty, indeed. But do you notice the grass growing up between the flagstones in the paths, Mr. Boyd? Not at all neat. Not at all fittin' f'r the place where the shadow of th' Flag must fall," he says, glancin' at us. "H'm. They tell me you're somethin' of a patriot, Casey?"

"Yessir," says I.

"H'm. And Clancy?"

"Yessir," says Terry.

"That's encouragin'," says the Captain. "H'm. But I hear you are apt to waste your patriotism in wild firin'," he says. "It's too valiyouble to waste, 'specme, and I will try to revive it. H'm. You understand, Sentry?"

"Yessir," says the sentry. His mouth was twistin' up on him, an' th' Lootenant's an' everybody's but just us an' th' Old Man's. He on'y looked sort of surprised. "Is they any jokes round here I ain't noticed?" he says. "I do love a joke. H'm. You seen any, Clancy?"

"Nossir," says Terry, pretty sick.

Th' sentry grinned all th' time he was marchin' us out, an' the news spread quick an' they was grins to meet us all the way. An' then the sentry begins to guy us.

"You've skipped a stalk on y'r left flank, Clancy," he says. "Tie th'm in neat bundles of twelve stalks, retire fifty paces, an' salute th' flag."

"Cut it out, Skinny," says Terry. "He said bundles o' fifty. I heard him m'self."

"Bundles o' hell an' fifty paces," says Skinny. "You can go an' ast him if ye don't believe me. Wouldn't ye like to go an' ast him?"

"Have y'r laugh while ye've got a place f'r it, ye

cool verandas an' ev'rything else all got holt of my temper to once. "You're an ornament to th' Service," I says, tryin' to crawl into the shudder of th' pole. 'Twas about a mile long an' an inch wide.

"Stow y'r face," says Terry, tyin' a bundle with a thumb big as three of it.

"I'd like to tell you what I think of you," I says, "on'y I can't think of it. How's y'r patriotism ripplin' now?" I says. "Looka th' flag, th' dear old flag, floatin' up above y'r crazy head."

Terry swallers hard. "Casey," he says, "I let ye in f'r this, but—" He picks up his little bundle an' carries it to th' foot of the pole. Then he falls back an' salutes. Then he comes over to me—an' his face was blossomin into a grin. Yes, sir, they was a hole in them rugged features of his you could've showed a blanket foll into. "Oh, Casey," he says, "Casey man, if th' Old Boy soaks it to us this way f'r what *we* done, wouldn't ye, oh, wouldn't ye just like to see what he'd do to that theyter if he was runnin' this town?"

An' thinkin' of *that*, I grinned too.

KINGSTON

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE BY A VISITOR TO THE ISLAND WHO WAS ON THE MAIN STREET OF THE CITY WHEN THE EARTHQUAKE CAME, AND WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO ESCAPE

A MAD dash down the streets with buildings toppling and crashing in front of me at every few steps, a horrible vision of maimed and burnt and bleeding bodies, and a choking sensation as if I were inhaling red-hot cinders in air devoid of oxygen—these are my chief recollections. The ghastly sights and sounds and smells of the catastrophe have left an ineffaceable impression on my mind. It seems to me even now a miracle that I escaped.

I had been in Kingston for about ten days, living in the lovely suburb of St. Andrews, about five miles from the town proper, and only a stone's throw from King's Gate, the house of the Governor, Sir A. Swettenham. The weather had been perfection itself until Monday the 14th of January, when a peculiar sultriness filled the air and the heat became intense. But as I had some shopping to do I took the trolley car for town and got off at Harbor Street, the chief business street of the city. I went into the principal store, the Metropolitan House, and, while buying some laces, had a chat with Mr. Nathan, the proprietor. Ten minutes later Harbor Street lay in ruins, the Metropolitan House had crashed to the ground, Mr. Nathan lay dead, and all but four of the employees and tourists in the store were buried under the mass of débris.

The First Sensation of Earthquake

I HAD left the store hastily in order to keep an engagement for tea at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, and on the way to that picturesque structure I met Dr. Henry Beagle, an English physician who was staying at the Constant Spring Hotel, six miles out of town. We walked along together and fortunately chose the middle of the street. We had just passed the post-office when, without even a warning rumble, the houses on both sides of the street began to tremble visibly, and an instant later crashed down about us with a fierce rattle like the crunch of many anchor chains. The ground began to burn with such an intense heat that the soles of our shoes were scorched. Then it began to split open into dozens of narrow crevasses, from which spouted streams of water.

How strangely one acts and feels at such an unexpected crisis. I remember that my first sensation was not one of fear, but of amazement. We both stopped stock still and looked at each other.

"Explosion!" I cried.

"Earthquake! Make for the water!" the doctor shouted back.

Then the real horror began. For while through some miraculous chance neither of us had been hit by the falling bricks and stones at the first shock, they kept coming down like hail, until at the end of a few minutes they were several feet deep in the street. Progress was nearly impossible. The doctor seized me by the hand, but my feet were suddenly pinioned and I pitched headlong, losing his grip. At that minute, as the sun was totally obscured by the clouds of dust that came from the antique buildings, I could not see my hand before my face. There I lay alone on the ground in total darkness, while the frantic screams of the wounded and dying filled the air. I was up in an instant, for I knew that lying there meant being trampled to death. My hip was slightly injured by the fall.

A second shock brought down more bricks, and the darkness grew even more intense. I was nearly choked to death, as all the oxygen in the air was absorbed by the terrific dust. My throat and lungs were scorched in a futile gasping for air.

My one idea, I recall, was to find the doctor again, and I staggered onward calling his name. I thought that together we had a better chance of reaching a place of safety.

"Doctor! Doctor!" I cried again and again; and after an eternity I heard what seemed a response from a distance. As the darkness cleared away a bit he stumbled toward me over mountains of hot bricks.

He had fallen a moment after I did and wrenched his ankle, but in the excitement he did not notice the pain until later. He grasped me firmly by the wrist, and together we ran along Harbor Street, which stretches its length parallel to the water at a distance of about five hundred yards.

"Make for the water and look out for the fire!" he managed to articulate. In mad haste we fled over the irregular piles of débris massed many feet high in the street. We stumbled and fell at every half-dozen steps, but recovered ourselves and kept on with the one idea of escape in our minds. How we ever managed to do what we did I do not see when I think of it now.

We had to crawl through coils of live wire, which if touched meant instant death. We were clutched at by the dying in their agony and the mad in their insane frenzy of fear. Wailing children clung to my skirts. They were naked, and their poor little bodies were bathed in blood. Imprecations, groans, and prayers arose on every side.

At one corner a group of five women were standing, locked in each other's arms and quietly praying. At another a man was laughing, insanely, coolly adjusting his collar and tie. We passed a woman, an American, mourning over her young son who lay dead before her. Everywhere hysterical people were hunting wildly for their kin. The horrors of the sights we saw in that terrible half-mile run I shall never forget—people with crushed skulls, their brains strewing the bricks; men and women wounded in every imaginable way crawling helplessly about seeking succor; people lying peacefully in the calm of death. All around were the native women raising their arms up to heaven and crying:

"De Lord Jesus Christ has come; de Lord Jesus Christ has punish dis wicked land; de Lord God has show what his power can do!"

At one place we were forced to make a detour to avoid a horse and carriage which lay completely crushed with its occupants and driver underneath a fallen house. But even then the horror was not at its fullest height. The fire had not yet started, and there were many wooden buildings standing which had survived the shock, and some people who, though caught under the fallen buildings, were still living and but slightly injured. When the fire, which burst forth almost immediately, came, these poor creatures, helpless in their imprisonment, were burned to death. We saw their blackened bodies still smoldering, in positions of agony, two days later when we again traversed the ruins of Harbor Street.

All this time we were running for our lives, panting with the agony of thirst. I remember looking with greedy eyes at a street faucet which we passed, but the doctor dragged me forcibly along, crying:

"Don't give up now! We are near the end!"

The misery about us was so wholesale that we were powerless to do anything for the suffering of others. Those who were able were running wildly in every direction, but we had an objective point in view. It was the wharf of the Royal Mail Docks, where we knew there was a steamer lying. We turned down one street to get there and ran about three hundred yards, only to find it so blocked with ruins that egress was impossible. We were forced to retrace our steps to that fatal Harbor Street again, and to run down the next street. By this time I was so bruised by the sharp stones and exhausted by loss of breath that I stumbled and almost fell continually, and had it not been for the doctor I think I should have given out. But we finally managed to reach the dock, and boarded the steamer *Naparima*. She was from Glasgow, Scotland, and bound for Port Limon, West Indies. We did not care, however, whither we were bound so long as we were off Jamaica soil. We were, I am sure, the first people to find a refuge from the stricken city, for it was fully an hour later before small boats were seen taking refugees out to the *Arno* and *Port Kingston*, the two other steamers lying in the harbor.

The captain of our vessel was badly hurt on the head with a stone. The doctor attended him, and also another man, a pitiful creature who came on board so dazed with his wounds that he did not know what he was saying. Instead of asking to have them dressed he demanded:

"Can nobody let me have a pair of slippers?" reiterating it again and again.

The Beginning of Fire

WE put out into the harbor about a quarter of a mile and anchored there. Presently a small boat came out to us with three guests from the Myrtle Bank Hotel, which had utterly collapsed. They were Mr. and Mrs. Gaspard Lemoine of Quebec and Mr. Ernest Ling of New York City. Mrs. Lemoine escaped in her stocking feet and wearing her husband's duck coat and a petticoat. She was taking a bath at the time of the catastrophe.

I do not think that twenty minutes had passed from the time the earthquake occurred, at 3.25 P.M., until we boarded the *Naparima*, but already the flames had broken out in the heart of the business district where there were so many stores of combustible spirituous liquors. The fire spread in every direction until the whole city was ablaze. A more hideous yet beautiful sight I never beheld. As it grew darker the whole world seemed on fire, and from our vantage-point we saw flames of every imaginable hue—green, yellow, orange, and purple—while the sound of exploding magazines and dynamited houses crashed upon our ears, with the occasional ping of a pistol shot as some soldier sent a looting negro to his doom.

When we had been on board but a couple of hours a launch steamed alongside, and a young officer shouted up to ask if there were a physician on board. The doctor at once responded, in spite of his injured ankle, and spent the greater part of the night setting arms, amputating legs, and sewing up the wounds of the maimed who had been brought on board the other ships in the harbor. None of us went to bed that night, but we sat on deck, watching with fascinated horror-stricken eyes the ever-growing fire which raged in the doomed city. About every two hours or so the ship would shake and tremble with another shock—I think that there were eleven all told during the night—and we never knew from one moment to the next whether a tidal wave would follow, or an eruption break out directly under us. As it was, the whole conformation of the harbor was changed, former charts were useless, and the ship listed shockingly to port.

Dawn broke at last, and looking around I saw huddled in a corner a tiny native boy who had followed us clinging to my dress. The poor little child knew not whether any of his family were saved, but had simply followed us blindly on board, looking for a place of refuge. At daybreak the doctor again left to attend to the wounded, and Mr. Ling and Mr. Lemoine went on shore, where they were fortunate enough to secure most of the luggage left at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, although during the repeated shocks it had completely collapsed. About five o'clock in the afternoon we were called upon to go to the dock and pump water on some coal

NO PLACE FOR A CIRCUS

At the time the earthquake visited Kingston a Cincinnati circus was giving performances under canvas on the old race-course just outside the city. Four or five thousand refugees rushed out in this direction and camped about the track. Every time a lion roared, however, the refugees became panic-stricken, thinking it was another earthquake, and many would flee in terror. In order to pacify the people the animals were escorted to a different location. The photograph shows the circus wagons, containing lions and tigers, and the elephants, passing through the outskirts of the town, escorted by the Jamaican police

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANDENBURG

which was burning in iridescent tints, threatening the destruction of the wharf, one of the few which had so far escaped. Then I decided that despite the terror the land held for me I would make an attempt to go out to my home, five miles away, and see what had become of the people there and try to rescue what remained of my personal belongings. After walking some distance through hideous sights I secured a cab at a fabulous sum and drove out home. There I found the people camped out on the lawn. The house, which was of bricks, had fallen to pieces, and had I been in my room at the time of the disaster I should inevitably have been crushed to death. The place was in a state of chaos. We slept all night on the grass under an improvised tent, guarded by a faithful servant of the house, who stood watch armed with a machete, fearing the disorderly who attack people for the purpose of loot in the dark hours of the night. In the morning nobody thought of eating. This was fortunate, as there was no food to be obtained at any price, all the stores having been burnt to the ground.

To Cuba on a Cattle Boat

CABLE communication had been entirely cut off between the island and other places, and no food could be obtained until it was restored. My sole idea was to leave the island at the earliest possible moment, for there were reports that the entire place was slowly sinking into the sea. The recurrent shocks, which never ceased, seemed to confirm this frightful theory.

Early in the morning I managed to secure a mule for what remaining luggage I had, and started for the town, determined to get away anywhere at any price. Arriving at the Atlas wharf, I tried to book for New York on two German boats in the port, but they were already filled to the gunwales. At last after several hours I found out that there was a cattle ship leaving for Cuba that afternoon, and several of us decided to leave on her, in spite of the fact that she had been declared unseaworthy and had put into Kingston for repairs. Then it suddenly occurred to me that I had left what jewelry remained to me on the *Naparima*, a mile or so away. Being unable to secure a boat of any sort to take me over, I was again forced to take that frightful walk along Harbor Street, where the stench of burning bodies in every sort of fantastic shape was so overpowering that I could scarcely breathe. The city was under martial law, and one was allowed to go nowhere without the Governor's passport, which I had neglected to obtain. However, through the influence of a friend, I managed to get a tug and was taken out to the *Naparima* and then over again to the Atlas wharf.

Another gruesome sight which made me close my eyes for fear of seeing more while paddling to and fro from steamer to shore was dead bodies floating in the water, a prey to fiercely eager shark and buzzard, who fought for their possession.

Our cattle boat left about five in the afternoon, and when we boarded her we thought we were on a pirate ship, so fierce and wild were the officers and crew. They all walked about the decks with blankets on as uniforms, shrieking and growling in a barbaric tongue. The quarters which we occupied were where the calves are usually kept. The trip between Jamaica and Cuba is always a rough one, and was then particularly dangerous on account of the changed condition of the ground beneath the sea. Our boat was very small, and, having no cargo, she dipped and rolled with a rotary motion that made us think every moment would be our last. The machinery was rotten and the heavy sea kept sweeping continually over the bows, while the waves reached the rail on the starboard side every few minutes. The hold was full of water, which rattled and roared with an ominous sound, and we never thought that we would reach Cuba alive. It took us two days to do so; although the usual trip consumes only about sixteen hours.

As we passed Port Royal, that wicked old-time city of buccaneer fame which stood at the entrance of Kingston Harbor, all that met our eyes was the roofs of houses, which were resting placidly on the surface of the water, while only the tops of the palm-trees nodded when dashed upon by the incoming waves, so low had the city sunk in the sea.

A Voyage That Was a Nightmare

UPON our arrival at Santiago we were bombarded with questions by the reporters, for we were the very first to bring any sort of news from the stricken island, and the news we gave was cabled all over the world. Once in Cuba we felt safe, but the shock to our nerves had been so severe that we felt the sooner we left the tropics the better. We made for Havana, and took the first steamer we could catch for New York. But we first left word in Santiago for relief boats to be despatched to Kingston as quickly as possible with food and medical supplies, as the population was starving and dying of thirst. The shock had burst the water mains, and there was a woful lack of medicine and surgical appliances when we left, owing to the damage done to the barracks and the hospital.

The trip home was one long nightmare. Again and again I dreamed that I heard the dreadful groans and saw the soul-sickening sights of that Harbor Street horror. And the stench of the burning corpses on the funeral pyre of their stricken city seemed forever in my nostrils.

THE "MONGOLIAN" PERIL: ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A JAPANESE TRYING TO BREAK INTO A SAN FRANCISCO SCHOOL

This picture represents the "official" refusal of San Francisco to admit Japanese pupils to her public schools. On this case the Federal Government will base an action. Little Keikichi Aoki, aged 10, accompanied by his father, is asking Miss Mary Agnes Deane, principal of the Redding Primary School, to let him in. She is firmly refusing on the ground that Aoki is a "Mongolian." Little Aoki's rights are being looked after by United States Attorney George Clark and Mr. D. S. Richardson, foreign secretary of the Japanese consulate. The interests of San Francisco's school system are being "watched over" by Mr. L. J. Walsh and Mr. Aaron Altman, of the Board of Education

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

WORK FOR CONGRESS

THE high-pressure days at the close of Congress are at hand. A bill that failed to pass last summer could go over to the short session, but those of the thirty-three thousand bills in the two houses that do not pass now will be dead.

The chances of two of the measures included in the list of desirable legislation in last week's COLLIER'S have faded practically to the vanishing point. The opponents of the canteen in the army have proved so utterly impervious to argument and experience that it seems hopeless to try to overcome their opposition by any such short and ready method as an amendment to an appropriation bill. A separate repeal bill at this stage of the session would of course be out of the question. It looks, therefore, as if the only thing to do would be to carry on a long campaign of education for the next ten months, and then rely on the enlightened common sense of a majority of the Sixtieth Congress. Commissioner Leupp's plan for the protection of the Indians by the creation of corporations to hold their property is in a similar position, although not for the same reason. There is no fanatical opposition in that case, but merely the spirit of conservatism that wants time to get acquainted with a new idea.

One measure that should have been included in the list last week is the bill (H. R. 17,838) for the prevention of child labor in the District of Columbia, with the Beveridge amendment excluding the products of such labor in mines and factories from interstate commerce. This has the endorsement of the National Child Labor Committee, and while it is not perfect, it would free thousands of the nearly two million children who are now chained to a mind and body stunting servitude.

A new bill of transcendent importance is Senator La Follette's (S. 8,013), reserving from entry and sale the mineral rights to coal, oil, gas, and asphalt on or under the public lands of the United States. This measure, which is described more fully elsewhere, is in the Senate Committee on Public Lands.

The beet sugar and tobacco interests continue to keep the Philippine Tariff bill locked in the Senate Committee on the Philippines, and nothing but a determined expression of popular feeling can release that measure of justice and national honor from the grip of sordid greed.

The bill according citizenship to the people of Porto Rico is in the power of Speaker Cannon, whose views upon the capacity of our island wards for self-government do not accord with those of President Roosevelt.

The situation with regard to the Appalachian and White Mountain Forest Reserve bill is similar. One would think there would be no opposition to a measure of such transcendent national importance as this.

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT
WITH CARTOONS BY F. T. RICHARDS

CONTENTS

Work for Congress	23
Standard Oil Again	23
The Kaiser's Problem	23
A New Deal at Panama	24
The Senate Relents	24
Child Labor in Congress	24
Mr. Rent in Canada	26
Novelties in Senatorial Elections	26
The President Wants Subsidies	26
No More Fuel Trusts	28
Postal Swindlers at a Standstill	28

There are over a hundred national forest reserves west of the Mississippi and not one east of it. The Western reserves are worth at least $300,000,000 —a hundred times the total appropriation asked for the two in the East—and are increasing in value at the rate of ten per cent a year. The destruction from floods in the region fed from the Southern Appalachians has been six times the amount of the cost of both reserves in a single year. But Speaker Cannon is afraid we can not spare three millions for prevention.

The Railroad Employees' Hours of Labor bill (S. 5,133) is undergoing a siege from a powerful railroad lobby which insists that there is no room for improvement in the present system, under which trainmen and despatchers are worked until they fall asleep at their posts.

STANDARD OIL AGAIN

THE investigation into the methods of the Standard Oil Company which the Interstate Commerce Commission has been carrying on for nearly a year has ended with a report which will certainly bring down upon the Commission a stern condemnation from Chancellor Day of Syracuse University. Practically every charge made by Henry Demarest Lloyd and Miss Tarbell has been confirmed, not from loose gossip, but from sworn testimony. The Commission finds that "the ruin of its competitors has been a distinct part of the policy of the Standard Oil Company in the past, systematically and persistently pursued," that its motto has been "destruction of competition at any cost," and that this policy has been pursued "without much reference to decency or conscience."

The great bulwark of the trust now, the report holds, is its pipe line system, which is buttressed against competition by the refusal of the railroads to allow rival lines to cross their rights of way. Although the new rate law makes pipe lines common carriers, the method of having reasonable rates defined only after specific complaint does not meet the situation, and the Commission thinks it may become necessary for the Government to "fix in the first instance the rates and regulations for the transportation of this traffic."

THE KAISER'S PROBLEM

OF the three parties whose coalition defeated the Government in the late German Reichstag the Centrists, or Clericals, and the Poles came out of the elections of January 25 in undiminished, and even slightly increased, strength. The Poles, who had only sixteen seats before out of the entire membership of the Reichstag, won eighteen on the first ballots this time, with five more chances on the second. The Centrists, who had ninety-nine places before, eighty-eight of them carried on the first ballots; two eighty-nine on the first trial this year, with thirty-one second ballotings to come. But the third party of opposition, the Socialists, met with a staggering and utterly unlooked-for defeat. It carried only twenty-nine seats on the first ballots against fifty-five at the same stage in 1903. The Socialists are contesting ninety-two seats on the second ballots, but there seems hardly a chance that they will come within twenty votes of their former strength of seventy-nine. But this does not mean, as so many oversanguine conservatives have hastily concluded, that Socialism is losing its hold on the German working people. The popular vote for the Socialist candidates seems actually to have increased. What has happened has been that the excitement of the campaign has brought out reserves that the other parties were never able to bring to the polls before.

Although the Socialist check naturally has been gratifying to the Emperor and Chancellor Von Bülow, the position of the Government is still extremely precarious. Of the 237 members returned on the first ballots the Centrists, Socialists, and Poles, who brought on the former crisis, elected 136, a majority of 35 over all other factions combined. To these should be added ten Independent Alsatian Centrists and one Dane, raising the forces naturally in opposition to 147 and their majority to 57.

To overcome them the Government will have not only to win the great bulk of the second elections, but to patch up a crazy quilt of discordant factions. The only solid nucleus of an Administration party on the first ballotings was composed of forty-one Conservatives, ten Imperialists, twenty National Liberals, and two members of the Landowners' Union—seventy-three in all. The rest of the places decided at that time were scattered among six members of the Radical People's party, one of the Radical Union, one of the Middle Classes' Association, three of the Reform party, four of the Economic Union, and two of the German People's party. Von Bülow's hope of relief from dependence upon the Centre has been disappointed. Unless he can settle his differences with that party he may yet like Bismarck, have to buy his ticket for Canossa. The Centre will have again, as it has had heretofore, the

The Resolution

The Amendment

TWO PHASES OF THE RECENT FORAKER BROWNSVILLE RAID—

greatest solid block of votes in the Reichstag. The Chancellor must look longingly at that formidable phalanx, whose support would free him from the necessity of bargaining with half a dozen trifling groups.

A NEW DEAL AT PANAMA

Chairman Shants takes his leave, and the contractors prepare ta dig

THERE is every reason to believe that by the time the Panama Canal is finished we shall have found the right men to dig it. We have already made considerable progress through the list of those who are not the right men, and therefore must have come that much nearer to the one we are after. The latest to decide that he was designed for another sphere of usefulness is Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, who sent in his resignation, to take effect March 4, because he had received the more tempting offer of president of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, controlling all the underground, surface, and elevated street railways in the county of New York. His departure was borne with fortitude, because it was felt that Chief Engineer Stevens, who had done the work of four wheels on the Panama coach, would be able to bear the added responsibility of a fifth.

As Mr. Shonts goes out, the contractors are coming in. After investigating the records of the various bidders the President decided that Mr. William J. Oliver, who had put in the lowest bid in conjunction with Mr. Anson H. Bangs, would be satisfactory, but that Mr. Bangs was impossible, owing ostensibly to his lack of assured financial standing, but also, it is understood, to his association with Gaynor, now under a prison cloud, and to his own failures to carry out previous Government contracts. The conclusion was reached, therefore, that Mr. Oliver should be allowed to make good his bid, but that he would have to drop Mr. Bangs and secure at least two satisfactory partners.

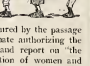
THE SENATE RELENTS

Cangressmen are ta have mare pay, and now other deserving public servants are after it, tao

THE Senate has shown that if it can be firm it is not wantonly cruel. Although it would not raise Congressional salaries when the House had tried to shirk the responsibility, it did not grumpily hold out against the increase after the popular branch had taken the lead. A few Senators objected. Some admitted that the salaries were too small, but said they could not conscientiously vote to increase their own pay during the terms for which they had been elected. Nobody mentioned the strongest argument against the increase, which was that if Congressmen were left, like their constituents, to bear the full brunt of the high cost of living they might be prodded into doing something to the trust-breeding tariff which was largely responsible for it. On the final line-up the proposed increase, beginning with March 4 of this year, was carried by a vote of fifty-three to twenty-one.

One prediction of Senator Nelson's was abundantly verified. He said that if the proposition should be adopted, "the Senate would be flooded with applications for increase of salaries by every clerk and every mail carrier, by all the officials in the consular service, and practically by every man in the service of the United States." The House, having voted that its own pay ought to be raised, was unable to resist the argument that fourteen foreign ministers who had been getting $7,500 a year each should have $10,000, and that increase was accordingly voted. The House Committee on Post-Offices and Postroads provided in the Post-Office Appropriation bill for salary increases to railway mail clerks, carriers, and clerks in first and second class offices, amounting in all to about five million dollars a year. This is exclusive of the salaries of carriers on rural free delivery routes, which are expected to go up by about two millions a year. One comprehensively liberal bill introduced in Congress, but not likely to pass, increases the salary of every person in the public service, civil or military, by twenty-five per cent. Undoubtedly the pinch of the increased cost of living, which has so distressed members of Congress, has been felt still more keenly by employees in small-salaried positions.

CHILD LABOR IN CONGRESS



There will be an investigatian, at least, and perhaps samething stronger

THAT something will be done about child labor is assured by the passage in the House of the bill already passed by the Senate authorizing the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to investigate and report on "the industrial, social, moral, educational, and physical condition of women and child workers in the United States wherever employed, with special reference to their age, hours of labor, term of employment, health, illiteracy, sanitary or other conditions surrounding their occupation, and the means employed for the protection of their health, person, and morals." This investigation will give a body of facts as a basis for future legislation.

But without waiting for that there is a prospect that positive action may be taken at this session under that inexhaustible interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. A bill to regulate the employment of child labor in the District of Columbia having come over from the House, Senator Beveridge proposed an amendment forbidding any carrier of interstate commerce to accept for transportation across a State or Territorial line, or within any Territory, the products of any factory or mine in which children under fourteen years old were employed or permitted to work, when offered by the owners, agents, or employees of that establishment. In an able speech Mr. Beveridge

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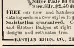

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Our improved method of finishing all floors. Sanitary, simple and inexpensive. Skilled labor is not necessary.

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presented appalling evidence of the effects of this evil, especially in the South, where white children were being sent to the mills while black children went to school, with the result that the white race was being steadily weakened and the black race strengthened for the future rivalries of life.

MR. ROOT IN CANADA

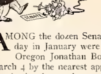
He turns from tropic senoritas to the breezy company of Our Lady of the Snows

THE "new diplomacy" introduced by the United States used to be understood as the practise on the part of governments of telling the truth to each other. Secretary Root has introduced the still newer diplomacy of putting a Foreign Office into circulation in other countries, and cultivating their peoples. Having made friends of all the South American republics, he has turned his attention to Canada, whose relations with us, commercially and in every other way, are more important than those of all Latin America combined.

Mr Root's Canadian tour was ostensibly social, and its social features were studiously kept in the foreground, both at Montreal and at Ottawa. In a speech at the capital, however, at a luncheon given by the Canadian Club on the day before his return, the Secretary had a chance to touch upon subjects of public interest. With a well-grounded confidence in his skill in handling delicate topics, he did not hesitate to approach that prickliest of all prickly themes, "the Americanization of the Canadian Northwest." He proposed the graceful toast:

"To the Canadian settlers in New England and the American settlers in the Canadian West: May they with loyal memory do honor to the lands of their birth; may they ever, with loyal citizenship, do God's service to the countries of their adoption."

Nothing could have been better adapted to disarm suspicion and promote good-will. Mr. Root did not touch upon any of the definite subjects of negotiation between the two countries, but he lubricated the international bearings with compliments, to which Sir Wilfrid Laurier heartily responded. It is not likely that all this oil was wasted, and the wheels of diplomacy may be expected to turn considerably more smoothly and to better effect because of it.



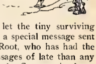
NOVELTIES IN SENATORIAL ELECTIONS

The people of Oregon elected Mr. Bourne; Bailey's election has a string tied to it

AMONG the dozen Senatorial elections that took place on the fourth Tuesday in January were two that, in their separate ways, were unique. In Oregon Jonathan Bourne, Jr., was elected for the long term beginning March 4 by the nearest approach to a popular vote that is possible without a constitutional amendment. He had been regularly nominated before the last State election and his name had been carried on the ballots. That had been done in other States before, but what was peculiar about this election was that a large majority of the candidates for the Legislature were pledged in writing to vote, not for the nominee of their party convention, but for the man whom the majority of all the people of the State should favor at the polls. Mr. Bourne won, and it was not even necessary for him to be on the same side of the continent when the Legislature went through the formality of ratifying his election. He was in Washington at the time.

The other extraordinary Senatorial election was that of Joseph W. Bailey of Texas. At fight of unparalleled bitterness had been raging about the question whether Mr. Bailey had been guilty of improper relations with Standard Oil or its subsidiary companies. His friends controlled the Legislature, but only to the extent that the majority were willing to allow Bailey the presumption of innocence until his guilt should be proved. Finally an investigating committee was appointed to probe the charges, and then Mr. Bailey was elected by 107 votes out of 147 under a solemn pledge that if the investigation should prove his guilt he would resign. His opponents offered to make the election unanimous if he would agree to have a special primary called within thirty days and resign if its decision should be against him, but that proposition was declined.

THE PRESIDENT WANTS SUBSIDIES



He thinks we can afford to pay to have our Flag shown if foreign countries can

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is determined not to let the tiny surviving remnant of the shipping subsidy policy be lost. In a special message sent to Congress on January 23 he quoted Secretary Root, who has had the distinction of figuring more largely in Presidential messages of late than any Cabinet officer ever did before, and, on the strength of the Secretary's observations in South America, urged Congress to pass the pending bill. He dwelt upon the discreditable fact that, while lines of swift and commodious steamers subsidized by their home governments were plying regularly between all the principal South American ports and Europe, there was no such line between those ports and the United States. In the fiscal year 1905 over three thousand vessels from Europe entered the port of Rio de Janeiro, but not a single American steamer and only seven American sailing vessels, two of which were in distress. This painful situation the President attributes largely to the fact that "those who now do business on the sea do business in a world, not of natural competition, but of subsidized competition." He asserts that our commercial competitors in Europe pay about twenty-five million dollars a year to

Annual Special Sale Ostermoor Mattress

Superfine French Edge Mattresses, *extra thickness, extra weight, exceptional softness,* weighing sixty pounds, finest grade of covering, all full size, 4 feet 6 inches wide by 6 feet 4 inches long, in one or two parts as desired.

These mattresses are in every way as great, if not greater bargains than the Special Mattresses we sold last year at the same price. If you were fortunate enough to secure one, you will fully appreciate the present sale.

Regular Price $30 Each — **Special Price $18.50 Each**

The mattresses are all full double-bed size, 4 feet 6 inches wide, 6 feet 4 inches long, in one or two parts, with round corners, five-inch inseamed borders, and French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration.

The filling is especially selected Ostermoor sheets, all hand-laid, and closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing. Mattresses weigh 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular, and are the very softest we can make and much more luxuriously comfortable than regular.

The coverings are of extra fine quality, beautiful Mercerized French Twills—pink, blue or yellow, both plain and figured, or high-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect; also the good old-fashioned blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

Mattresses are built in the daintiest possible manner by our most expert specialists. They represent, in the very highest degree, the celebrated OSTERMOOR merit of excellence and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.

Price, $18.50 Each

We pay Transportation Charges anywhere in the United States

Offered only While they last; first come, first served. The supply is limited

Terms of sale: Cash in advance; none sent C. O. D.

Order direct of us or through your Ostermoor dealer

Note.—Ostermoor Mattresses, regular stock, same size, two parts, cost $15 50 each. They have four-inch border, weigh 45 lbs., and are covered with A. C. A. Ticking. These French Mattresses cost $30 00 each, finish fully two inches thicker, weigh 15 lbs. more, have round corners—soft Rolled Edges—close diamond tufts—and beautiful high-grade fine quality coverings, and are much softer and far more resilient. Even if you do not wish a mattress now you should know all about the "OSTERMOOR" and its superiority to hair in health, comfort and economy. Send your name on a postal for our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 144 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated; it's well worth while.

Sold C. O. D. *Not* gives

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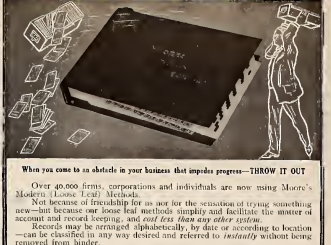
Owen Pain Agency - The Allsopp Leather and Dawes Co., Ltd., Montreal

When ordering, please state first, second and even third choice of color of covering, in case all you like are already sold, as there will be no time for correspondence.



When you come to an obstacle in your business that impedes progress—THROW IT OUT

Over 40,000 firms, corporations and individuals are now using Moore's Modern (Loose Leaf) Methods.

Not because of friendship for us nor for the sensation of trying something new—but because our loose leaf methods simplify and facilitate the matter of account and record keeping, and *cost less than any other system.*

Records may be arranged alphabetically, by date or according to location—can be classified in any way desired and referred to *instantly* without being removed from binder.

Every record *stays put,* thus eliminating the possibility of loss or misplacement such as sometimes happens with card index system.

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Loose Leaf Record Outfit Free on Approval

We will send a complete Loose Leaf Record Outfit free upon approval—express prepaid. You may consider it and test it—and if it doesn't prove its worth to you in your business, return it at our expense. Or, if you decide to keep it, send us one dollar in full payment. Check the forms in opposite column you want to use and write us to-day on your business stationery.

The outfit comprises—

Our Complete Loose Leaf Binder—Covered with the finest quality of imported Buckram; also 50 in. high 10 in. wide, 13 in. thick; filled with Linen Bond Sheets and Indexes.

Two Hundred (200) Printed Record Sheets—Size 8 in. wide by 5 in. high (your choice of five Ledger ruled sheets) and of the forty different forms listed in opposite column.

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Advertising Contracts	Recapitulation Bonds
Advertising Returns	Work on Hand Record
Cash Book	Daily Report Sheets
Cash Book Ruled Sheets	Cost of Production
Employees Records	Collection Docket
Following Up Collections	Janitor's Records
Stationery Bond Forms	Switch Orders
Stationery Ledger	Daily Reporting
Bond Ledger Sheets	Judge Records
Journal Bond Sheets	Price Per Blanks
Journal Ledger Sheets	Quotation Bond
Monthly Time Sheets	Quotation Ledger
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Tools for the home should be better, if anything, than shop tools, because the shop contains facilities for sharpening, setting and adjusting.

Home tools must stay sharp—handles should never come out—adjustments must be permanent. Therefore, the only tools suitable for the home use are

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They are put to severer tests before leaving the factory than they are likely to get in actual use, and when proved perfect are marked with the Keen Kutter trade mark. This mark is your guide in buying and costs you nothing. It covers Tools of all kinds, Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives and Cutlery.

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Say—Quote me prices on your Split Hickory Vehicles. That's all you need to do. I will send you free my big 1907 Split Hickory Vehicle Book. It is bigger and better this year than ever before, and contains photographs of over 125 Split Hickory Vehicles—also photographs of a full line high-grade Harness. I will quote you direct prices from my factory which will save you from 30% to 60% on High-Grade Split Hickory Buggies.

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A Handsome Piano Book will be sent free on receipt of your name

If you have it in mind to buy a piano, this book will save you a considerable sum. It is illustrated in colors, gives plain prices and terms, and we think it tells more about how to select a good piano than any other book published. Write for it.

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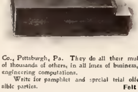

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Not a cheap toy, but something that will, in time saved alone, earn its price in a few weeks. That is why the United States Government uses hundreds of Comptometers; also Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; and Carnegie Steel Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. They do all their multiplying on it; their adding and dividing also. So do tens of thousands of others, in all lines of business, from the smallest to the largest, both for commercial and engineering computations.

Write for pamphlet and special trial offer. Sent express prepaid, on 30 days' free trial to responsible parties.

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$1.00 This Solid Mahogany

Umbrella Stand is sold at this remarkable price to put into the hands of responsible people our catalog No. 121 which shows our line **Solid Mahogany** furniture.

We ship to you in sections in flat crates complete. Anybody can finish it. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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I enclose $1.00 for which please send me Solid Mahogany Umbrella Stand and new catalog No. 121 subject to your guarantee.

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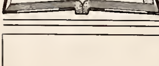
(Fill this out now, using pencil or pen, and mail promptly to Whittelsey System Furniture Co., Steinway, N. Y. City.)



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The cost of traveling equipment is measured by the length of its life. The A-B-C kind is always a bargain. It lasts longer and keeps its modest elegance better in the face of rough traveling than any other make. Skilled and artistic workmanship show in every line—workmanship that would not be wasted on poor material.

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NEW YARNELL CEMENT BLOCK MACHINE

IT will start you in business. It is simple, complete and any man can operate it alone. Our proposition is of equal interest to estate owners wishing to build at rock bottom cost. Don't think of buying a Concrete Block Machine without reading our booklet, "An Ancient Art and Its Modern Perfection." IT'S FREE.

AMERICAN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY, Box 102, Leipsic, Ohio

their steamship lines, Great Britain paying seven millions and Japan between three and four millions. The last amount is about what the present bill would require from us.

The same considerations that apply to trade with South America the President finds to apply to trade with the Orient and Australasia. The proposed law would give us fourteen large steamers on the Atlantic and twenty-two on the Pacific. There are now not quite two hundred such steamers in the world's foreign trade, and over three-fourths of them, according to Mr. Roosevelt, "now draw subsidies, postal or admiralty, or both." In addition to trade advantages he cites the benefit to the navy of having "a considerable fleet of auxiliary steamships, such as is now almost wholly lacking," as well as an effective naval reserve. In the absence of some such aid he fears a failure not only to advance, but even to hold the humble position we now have, since "the existence of our present steamship lines on the Pacific is seriously threatened by the foreign subsidized lines."

NO MORE FUEL TRUSTS

Senator La Follette and the President want the Government to keep the rest of its coal and oil lands

THIS Congress has had before it no measure exceeding, if any equaling, in importance the bill introduced by Senator La Follette, with the hearty approval of the President, for the retention by the Government of all its coal and oil lands that have not yet been disposed of. The bill reserves from entry and sale, in the United States and in the Philippines, the mineral rights to coal and other materials mined for fuel, oil, gas, or asphalt, allowing the surface to be sold, but providing for leasing the mineral rights under a system of licenses. The area to be leased to one person or association is not to exceed five square miles, and no common carrier, or any person in any way interested in the business of a common carrier, is to be allowed to hold a license. The term of a license is not to exceed thirty years, and the royalties are not to be less than eight cents a ton on coal, sixty cents a ton on mineral for hard asphalt, fifteen cents per barrel on mineral for soft asphalt, one-sixth of the value of the product of any oil well, fifty dollars a year for each gas well not utilized, and a cent a thousand cubic feet on gas used at the works. Elaborate provisions are made for carrying out the details of the business. The Government is to retain full powers of regulation, and the President is to have the right to resume possession of the land at any time on compensating the licensee for his property and good-will, but not for any remaining mineral. The minimum amount of product to be taken annually from any mine is to be fixed by the Secretary of the Interior. No boy under fourteen nor any girl or woman of any age is to be employed in any mine below the surface.

It is obvious that if any very large proportions of the coal and oil lands of the United States were worked under such conditions there would be no Coal Trust, and Standard Oil would not be a public menace. It is not certain just how much the Government still possesses of such resources, but it is known that if the Indian lands be included they are vast. The responsibility for the preservation of whatever is left rests now with the Public Lands Committee of the Senate, consisting of these members:

REPUBLICANS

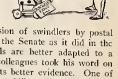
Henry C. Hansbrough, N. D.	Knute Nelson, Minn.
Clarence D. Clark, Wyo.	Robert J. Gamble, S. D.
Charles W. Fulton, Ore.	Reed Smoot, Utah.
Thomas H. Carter, Mont.	Frank P. Flint, Cal.

James A. Hemenway, Ind.

DEMOCRATS

James H. Berry, Ark.	Samuel D. McEnery, La.
Anselm J. McLaurin, Miss.	Fred T. Dubois, Idaho
Francis G. Newlands, Nev.	Thomas M. Patterson, Col.

POSTAL SWINDLERS AT A STANDSTILL



The Crumpacker Fraud Bill is held by the Senate Judiciary Committee for careful consideration

THE Crumpacker bill to prevent the suppression of swindlers by postal fraud orders is not progressing as easily in the Senate as it did in the House. Mr. Crumpacker's peculiar methods are better adapted to a sudden spurt than to a long pull. His confiding colleagues took his word on several points upon which a skeptical Senate wants better evidence. One of the most important is as to the necessity of such a bill as his, even assuming that a new law of some kind would be desirable. Mr. Crumpacker has tried to make it appear that the only alternative to a system of arbitrary decrees by the Post-Office—which does not in fact exist, although he insists it does—is a system of suits under all the technicalities of the ordinary law courts, which, of course, would allow the most dangerous swindlers to carry on their business without interference. The truth is that all the honest grievances, if any exist, of the persons affected by fraud orders, would be met by an act permitting the decision of the Post-Office Department to be reviewed by a court of equity. A bill of this sort, to which the Department has no objection, was introduced by Mr. Crumpacker's colleague, Mr. Foster, but has been allowed to sleep in the House.

50 YEARS' SUPREMACY

The supremacy of Borden's products is due to 50 years' scientific education of dairymen and employes with a fixed purpose to supply only the BEST. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk fill every milk or cream requirement.—*Adv*

"Open Up!" Said the Can-Opener

HERE are Beans & Pork! Three kinds—one price. Which will you have?

All three have nice *Labels*.

One kind, when the tin is opened, is found mushy, discolored, crumbly, soupy and soft.

Another kind is found whole and white, but *hard*, half-raw, and bitter to the taste.

The *third* kind is the "last word" in the history of Beans.

This *third* kind is known as *"Snider-Process"* Pork & Beans.

These are prepared by the people who have made that famous "Snider Tomato Catsup," and "Snider Chili Sauce," for over twenty years.

When you cut open a tin of *these* "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans you will find each Bean *whole*, cream-colored, firm, cheesy, porous and absorbent.

This *absorbent* quality is the secret of their unusual *digestibility*—their fine, smooth consistency, and their delicious flavor.

❦ ❦ ❦

Snider Pork & Beans have the Sulphur (which is the curse of all Beans and the cause of Flatulence) reduced to a fraction.

They contain 24 per cent. to 25 per cent. of Nitrogenous Proteid (whole number) which is as much as Stilton Cheese contains, and *more* than the best Beef-steak, which latter has only 20 per cent. of this Proteid while costing several times the price of Beans.

Moreover, they are deliciously flavored with that piquant Snider Catsup made from strictly ripe red Tomatoes (without cores or peelings) and seasoned with *seven* spices instead of with the *single* Cayenne Pepper spicing of common Catsups.

Get *your* first tin of "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans *to-day!*

If its contents are not finer-looking, finer-flavored, more delicious to the taste, and more digestible than any you have ever eaten, tell your Grocer so and *get your money back*.

This advertisement is your authority.

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Issued monthly, $3.00 a year

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Equal of any book sold at $10.00

HOUSE and GARDEN, year's subscription, $3.00
AMERICAN COUNTRY HOMES AND THEIR GARDENS, a magnificent work equivalent to any book sold at . . . $10.00
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Special Offer We will send current issue of "House and Garden" and copy of "American Country Homes and Their Gardens" prepaid for examination. If satisfactory remit $5.00; if not, return at our expense.

House and Garden

is the most beautifully illustrated and printed monthly magazine in America. Brimful of practical plans and ideas for both house and garden. Architects' and landscape gardeners' plans are reproduced and made available for the general reader. Every phase of artistic interior decoration is shown by photographic reproductions. If you are building a house, decorating a room, or fixing up your garden or lawn, **House and Garden** will instruct you how to make one dollar do the work of two. It will earn its subscription price many times over, no matter what home it goes into.

American Country Homes and Their Gardens

A magnificent new subscription work, edited by John Cordis Baker, with introduction by Donn Barber. Four hundred and twenty superb photographic illustrations (many full page) of the most attractive estates in the country, both by day and moonlight—houses, interiors and gardens. These have been selected from all parts of the United States, and are the masterpieces of the foremost architects and landscape gardeners. For those about to build, or lay out their grounds, this book is a veritable mine of practical suggestions; and it is just as invaluable to those who desire to redecorate their homes and improve their gardens. It is a sumptuous ornament for any library.

Bound in handsome cloth, with gold and ink stamping, 200 pages, frontispiece in colors. This book weighs over 4 pounds, and costs $5 cents to mail. It was made to be worth $10.00, and even at this price is the best book of its kind ever published.

Special Offer: Cut off the coupon, sign your name and address and mail it to us, WITHOUT MONEY. We will immediately ship you "American Country Homes and Their Gardens" and copy of current issue of "House and Garden." If the book and magazine are satisfactory, remit $5.00 within 5 days, or return the book at our expense.

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From the moment that Nabisco Sugar Wafers first melt upon your tongue, the sweet Nabisco charm enchants you. Some say it is the work of an elfin sprite who is supposed to grace all occasions where

NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

are served. The real and better explanation is that these renowned dessert confections derive their mystic charm from their own incomparable purity and goodness.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

To California

No travel in the world is so luxurious as that from Chicago to California. Both as to scenery and train equipment no route is so attractive.

The Overland Limited

Leaves Chicago daily, electric lights in every berth—all the latest books and papers—news of the world bulletined twice daily and in extras when occasion warrants.

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Union Pacific Southern Pacific

Write for booklets telling about California, to

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.
Omaha, Neb.

President Roosevelt says:

*"I heartily approve of the movement to make the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln a National Park, so that the building in which he was born may be preserved to illustrate the real conditions of his birth and childhood. * * * * * * * I revere Lincoln's memory, like Washington's, as one of the hallowed and priceless heritages of all our people. I am glad that the scheme of preservation contemplates an appeal to individual Americans." * * * * * * *

Join The Lincoln Farm Association!

This Association, composed of more than 20,000 patriotic American men and women, asks you individually, and every man, woman, and child who cherishes and reverer the memory of Lincoln, to fill in the blank below and mail it to-day.

The Lincoln Birthplace Farm and the old cabin have been rescued from the hands of those who wished to exploit them for private gain, and it remains for you, as one of the American people, to take your part in the work of making this farm a Lincoln National Park—an enduring patriotic memorial to a great citizen.

No large contribution is desired or will be accepted. This is to be a work of the whole people. Every contributor will be made an Honorary Member of the Association, without liability to any further dues or assessments.

Send any amount you can afford from 25 cents to $25.00

It is not the amount, but the spirit in which it is given, that counts.

As soon as your contribution is received, a handsomely engraved membership Certificate will be mailed you, having on it your name, a portrait of Lincoln, the autographs of the Trustees, and the Seal of the Association.

Your name will also be entered in the Permanent Catalogue to be kept in a place of honor at the park. The amount of your contribution will not be made public.

Join the Association to-day. Help to make this the greatest of our national memorials.

THE LINCOLN FARM ASSOCIATION

Clarence H. Mackay, Treasurer — 74 Broadway, New York

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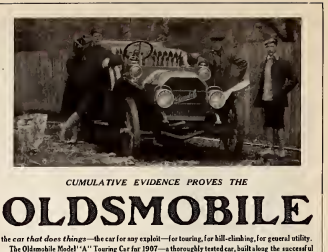

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The Oldsmobile Model "A" Touring Car for 1907—a thoroughly tested car, built along the successful lines of Model "S" for 1906, but with greater horse-power, greater capacity and more finished qualities.

The conclusive evidence of the capacity of these cars continues to accumulate. Can you get away from the following convincing facts:

The Hill-Climbing Ability—Again demonstrated by the recent record climb up Twin Peaks, San Francisco. Here Model "A" not only sets a new mark of 2 minutes 29 seconds, cutting 1 minute 1 second from the record, but was the first and only car to ever make the run to the highest apex.

Motor Endurance—Again demonstrated on November 20 at Cleveland, when Model "A" completed a 100-hour non-stop run. A copy of sworn statements giving details of this run will be sent to those interested on request.

Touring Quality—Demonstrated on the 350-mile non-stop run made by Model "A" from Detroit, Mich., to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 14 hours and 12 minutes, actual running time. This run was made on the high gear. When Cincinnati was reached the car was driven to the top of Vine Street Hill, still on the high gear. The car which made this remarkable demonstration of touring and hill-climbing ability was taken fresh from the factory and represented the average run of stock cars.

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50 HORSE-POWER

—or over—acting on a 2 ton car, and the resultant force of weight and energy grinding and wrenching the tires against rough road-surfaces—is a problem that requires extraordinary quality to solve.

Long-continued tests under such conditions have been met and satisfied, the country over, by the

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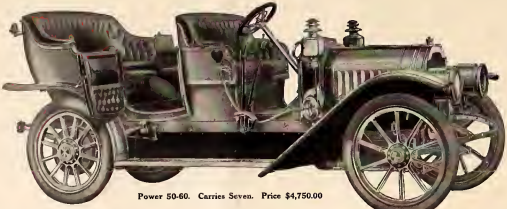
The Car De Luxe



Power 50-60. Carries Seven. Price $4,750.00

The New Patented Rear Axle System is only one of the many features that make

The Car De Luxe

EASILY THE BEST CAR MADE IN AMERICA

Read this explanation carefully

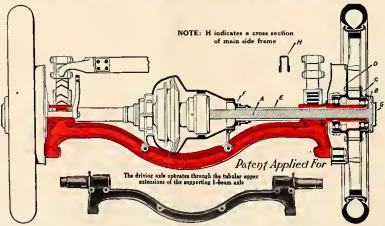
THERE have been two types of rear axle—the I-beam with double chain drive, and the floating axle with shaft drive. The former has the good features of strength and rigidity, but the chain drive is objectionable. The latter permitted the shaft drive, but was lacking in strength.

Study this cut and see how the De Luxe axle—found in The Car De Luxe only—combines the good features of both I-beam and floating axle, and at the same time eliminates all the objections of each,—a marvel of inventive skill—the most important development in motor car construction since the universal adoption of vertical cylinders.

The portion shown in ***red*** is a solid nickel chrome steel forging, in I-beam section, extending from outside to outside of rear hubs, supporting the entire weight of the car.

Resting on this forged axle at the center, where it is curved downward to permit of proper alignment of driving shafts, is the differential case. The driving shafts (A) which transmit the power from the differential to the rear wheels, extend out through the tubular ends of the I-beam axle and engage the hubs of the wheels. The clutch section and the axle are one solid forging of nickel chrome steel. This clutch section—a flange 5¼ inches in diameter, has teeth in its periphery (B) (circumference) which engage corresponding notches in the hub flanges (C) and (D).

Notice that the ***brake-drum*** and ***hub-casting*** are in ***one piece*** (D) on which the ball races are anchored, taking all strain off the wheel bolts. Note, also, that the brake-drums are ***directly over*** the inside ball races, so that in braking there is no torsion as there is when the brake-drum is ***inside*** the ball races.



Covering the drive shafts between the differential and the inside shoulder of the I-beam axle, are, compression sleeves (E), which at their outer ends abut against the shoulder in the I-beam axle and at their inner ends are threaded into a thimble (F) having connection with the differential housing.

That is the construction of the new De Luxe rear axle—found on The Car De Luxe only.

Now see, in addition to its strength, how convenient it is. The differential housing is divided horizontally and the upper half may be removed and the differential taken out without in the least weakening the axle on which the car rests. Then, by removing the hub cap (G) the drive-shafts may be withdrawn without taking the wheels off the axle or disturbing the bearing adjustments, the car still resting firmly on the ***I-beam axle.***

That is ***one*** feature of ***The Car De Luxe*** —a car that is luxurious in every detail. Everything that enters into its construction is of the very best quality, and of the best construction both as regards materials and methods and workmanship. Nickel chrome steel is used throughout in every place where its strength can serve to advantage. The entire frame is of this material.

The bearings are of the famous ***imported*** Hess-Bright type—positively the best and most costly bearings made.

The transmission, the motor, the lubrication and ignition systems, the radiator—each combines the best that experience has demonstrated to be valuable, with many new and important improvements.

All are explained in our new catalog which is now ready. Send for a copy.

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St. Louis—Lakside Automobile Co., 3148-50 Delmar Blvd.
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The Car De Luxe will be exhibited at the Chicago Automobile Show, Feb. 2 to 9